THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878. $3.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 8.

THE END.

BY F. E. B.

The course of the wearied river
Ends in the great grey sea;
The acorn for ever and ever
Strives upward to the tree;
The rainbow the sky adorning
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form:
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be;
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal.
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul.
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting;
Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once that gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain or ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and conscience steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining
Yet the sunrise glide the height.
And Love has hidden his treasure
For the patient and the pure:
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure:
And the Word that no love has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

So the light of the blest hereafter
May beam soft upon us here;
And our souls, 'mid life's dull sorrows,
Walk the paths of the upper sphere,
While the strains of the angel harpists
Come to us full and clear.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER I.

"It is true, Kate—every word of it. I was, like you incredulous at first; but I heard the will read, and I assure you that Mrs. Hardman has left me six thousand pounds."

"I cannot believe it, Darcy. See how my hands tremble! I have hardly the strength to speak. It is impossible. Six thousand pounds! Oh, Darcy, if there should be any mistake, let me know it at once, before I begin to found any hope upon your good fortune—before I take it into my heart of hearts as a truth."

"My dear Kate, there is no mistake—there can be no mistake. I should not have told you had there been the least probability of such a thing. The money is our own, and will be paid to us when the estate is settled."

"Six thousand pounds! Why, Darcy, that means three hundred a year, does it not?"

"Certainly," replied Darcy Lonsdale, "properly invested."

"And three hundred a year mean freedom from anxiety, from the constant toil to trying to make both ends meet. It means a larger and better house, a governess for the children. Oh, Darcy, how can we be thankful enough?"

"My dear Kate," said the lawyer simply, "I assure you that for some time after I had heard it I did not know how I felt. The most pleasant part of it was coming home to tell you. I knew how delighted you would be."

"Have you told Felix?" asked the anxious wife.

"No; I have not seen him yet. He is going over to Nuncambe. He will be pleased. I can take him into partnership now, which is a thing that I have longed wished to do. We have had a hard struggle together, Kate, but it is almost over now. I should not have believed that money could make such a difference in any one's sensations. Yesterday I felt that the world was my master; to day I feel as if I had mastered the world."

"We shall be able to go to the seaside now, and you can take a rest occasionally; and we can get some good port wine for little Nellie."

The lawyer smiled.

"And my bonnie Kate shall have a superb dress," he said—"one that shall make her look young and beautiful to others as she does to me. In truth, Kate, I see no end to the relief, the ease, the happiness, that this unlooked for legacy gives us."

"We must take Vale House; it is to be let," remarked Mrs. Lonsdale. It is just such a house as I have always longed for; it is so large, so convenient, and has a much better drawing-room than that of the Mertons. What do you think, Darcy?"

"Yes; I think we might take Vale House. I will go out to-day, and inquire about the rent, rates, and taxes."

"What will Mrs. Merton say?" mused Mrs. Lonsdale.

"Never mind about that," replied the lawyer. "All that we have to do is to enjoy our good fortune. I really do not know, but I think that such a sum of money never made people so happy before. Kiss me, Kate, and we will not forget to thank Heaven together."

The speakers were Darcy Lonsdale and his wife. Darcy Lonsdale was the principal lawyer in the clean and well-built town of Lilford in Loomshire—a man who had had a hard hand-to-hand struggle with the world. He had been twice married. His first wife died in her twentieth year, leaving an only son, Felix; and ten years after the lawyer married again. His second wife was a blithe, bonnie, rosy girl who loved him with all her heart, and thought no one in the wide world so clever, so great, so good. For his sake she took little Felix to her heart, and loved the dark-haired handsome boy as much as she did her own children. The lawyer's one drawback was his large family; nearly every year a pretty, rosy, smiling baby appeared, until, as he pleasantly declared, he had ceased to count them, for their number frightened him. The "small army" he called them; and, though he was proud of them and fond of them, though he would not have missed one fair head from the circle for the whole world, yet the number told upon him—he could not save money, he could not even buy a house, his ingenuity was taxed to make both ends meet. The bills were so numerous—little feet must be shod, little fair heads must be covered, little minds trained; and nothing could be done without money. Still Darcy Lonsdale was a very happy man; he had a charming wife, beautiful children, a good practice, and he liked work. The one pride of his life was his tall, handsome son Felix, in whom the honest simple-hearted man had concentrated all his hope and ambition. The "small army" were all under twelve, so that he could not build any hope on them at present.

His life had on the whole been a pleasant one; but he did wish at times that he had a little more money. His practice was a good one; still it could hardly be called lucrative in the small pleasant town of Lilford. There was not much to occupy a lawyer; the setting forth and the renewal of leases, the drawing up of title deeds, the making of wills, the framing of agreements, composed almost the whole of his business.

Amongst his clients was an eccentric widow named Martha Hardman, and Darcy Lonsdale had for twenty years been her faithful friend, adviser, and guide. She said to him laughingly one day—

"You will have something to thank me for when I am dead."

"How can I thank you when you are dead?" he asked.

She shook her head gravely.

"You will see," she replied. "You have done everything for me since you began to practice; but I shall not let you make my will. Tell me whom you would advise me to send for to do so."

Thinking that she was in a capricious mood, he answered:

"Send for George Malcolm; he is an honest man. But why not let me make your will, Mrs. Hardman?"

"Because I am going to leave you something in it; and I have not read of the glorious uncertainties of the English law for so many years without wishing to be on the safe side. I may fail, but I will take all reasonable precautions."

He laughed at the time, giving little heed to what she said, and soon afterwards he forgot all about the incident. Three years later Mrs. Hardman died, and her nephew, her heir-at-law, came upon the scene. Darcy Lonsdale had all her papers, an exact list of all her moneys, her deeds leases, documents of various kinds—but he had no will.

"Did she make a will?" asked the heir-at-law.

"I cannot tell," replied Darcy Lonsdale. "I have certainly drawn up no will for her."

"Has she ever mentioned a will?" persued James Hardman.

Suddenly the lawyer remembered that she had mentioned a will, and his face flushed at he thought of the conversation. James Hardman looked at him suspiciously.

"She did speak of her will to me once; she told me that I should not draw it up for her, and asked me to name some lawyer. I told her that George Malcolm was an honest lawyer and an honest man but I never heard whether she sent for him or not."

"You know, of course, of what her property consists, and that I am her heir-at-law."

"Yes," was the cheerful reply; "we have often talked about you. I can give you the particulars of the late Mrs. Hardman's property. She owned the estate called Woodburn, consisting of a large farm and a good substantial house; and she had, besides this, twelve thousand pounds in the Funds."

"And that is, of course, mine," said James Hardman.

"I know nothing as to that," replied Darcy Lonsdale. "I did not make her will, nor did she ever ask my advice about it."

After the funeral George Malcolm came with the will and the instructions he had received from Mrs. Hardman. It was read aloud; and then it was discovered that the lady had left Woodburn and six thousand pounds to her nephew James Hardman, while to her true friend and adviser Darcy Lonsdale, in acknowledgment of his long friendship and faithful services, she had bequeathed the sum of six thousand pounds.

On hearing that, the lawyer hurried home, delighted with the intelligence, to his wife. What a vista of comfort this legacy opened out to them! For the first time in his long honorable career the lawyer felt some relief—he could meet his expenses now, and when he died there would be something for his wife and children.

Nor was his wife less delighted. In her heart she had longed for the same luxuries that the wives of other professional men enjoyed—for a drawing-room like Mrs. Merton's, for a nursery-governess such as the Doctor's wife, Mrs. Dalverley, had engaged, for a silk dress like the one that the Rector's wife wore. But of these desires she had never spoken. She knew that her husband did his best in every possible way, and gave her all the money that he could. But now she ventured for the first time to indulge in such blissful reveries. They were no longer idle dreams; they would be realised. She would live in Vale House, that delightful residence—she would have a charming drawing-room, a nursery-governess, and a costly silk dress.

While she sat dreaming with a smile upon her face, her step-son Felix entered the room. There was the warmest attachment between these two—kindly liking and respect for his step-mother on his part, the highest admiration and the truest love for her step-son on hers. She was so young when Darcy Lonsdale brought her to the great white square house in Castle Street, Lilford, that it seemed absurd for Felix to call her mother. As he grew older it appeared to him that, with her soft Italian beauty, the most suitable title for her was *madre*. He looked at her now.

"*Madre*," he said, "you are looking very pleased and bright; what is the good news?"

Mrs. Lonsdale went up to him and clasped her arms round his neck. She drew the handsome face down to hers.

"Kiss me, Felix," she said; "I have news to tell you—the best you have ever heard. I know you will be pleased—indeed the very thought of the news makes me tremble with joy. You will never guess it, Felix."

"I suppose I never could. Have any of the 'small army' distinguished themselves."

"No; it is nothing of that kind. It is this: You remember Mrs. Hardman of Woodburn?"

"I should remember her, *madre*; some of the dreariest hours of my life have been spent in copying deeds bearing her name."

"My dear Felix, her name must be held blessed amongst us for evermore. She has left your father a legacy of six thousand pounds—and to us, my dear, that means so much. It means Vale House to live in, a governess for the children, and a partnership for you."

His handsome face flushed hotly.

"And that, *madre*—that means for me Violet Haye."

A tender light came into Kate Lonsdale's clear eyes.

"I hope so," she said gently; "I shall be so pleased if it is so. Now, Felix, people call money dross. Could you or I estimate the amount of happiness that lies in six thousand pounds?"

"I value it because it will give me Violet," declared the ardent young lover.

"And I because it will give me every desire of my heart," said Mrs. Lonsdale. "And, above all, it will give your dear father a little rest."

CHAPTER II.

Violet Haye! There was something in the name. More than one man murmured this one over and over and over again, wondering to himself what sweet magic, what wonderful sorcery lay in it. Violet Haye—the very sound evoked a vision so beautiful, so full of witching grace, so dainty, so delightful, that dwelling on it proved too much for minds and brains not over-strong. What had not Violet Haye to answer for? How many prosperous young farmers had wasted the best hours of the summer days, while the hay spoiled in the meadows and the corn grew over-ripe in the fields, watching in Castle Street, or waiting in the green lanes, for one glance at the peerless face of Violet Haye? The young doctor who had bought the old physician's practice had almost gone mad for love of her; and, when she told him, with a sweet, bright smile, that she disliked medicine and everything connected with it, in pique and despair he married a prim little old maid who had ceased for fifteen years to dream of a wedding-ring. Young curates came, saw, and were conquered; but beautiful Violet resolutely refused to help in any parish work—she would have nothing to do with the schools. One after another the curates went away, with a bitter memory of one of the loveliest girls in Loomshire. The young tradesmen of the place had never dared lift their eyes to her, for she belonged to the class known in Lilford as the gentry; but when by chance Violet Haye did enter a shop the master of it had need of patience during the next twenty-four hours, for Violet Haye was a most beautiful girl, and reigned queen of the country round Lilford.

There was a wonderful charm about the girl. It was not simply for the sheen of her golden hair, for the wonderful light of her violet eyes, the exquisite tints of her face, the beauty of her rosebud mouth, that men loved her so; it was not that she was tall and slender, with a perfect figure; it was not that she had white hands that wove wondrous spells, that she moved with grace that was all harmony, that she spoke with a voice sweeter than music, that, when she laughed, the silvery chime stirred a man's heart like the sound of silver bells; it was not for this that men loved her. She was not a flirt, not a coquette—never, by word or look, made any man believe that she loved him; but she could no more have helped the way she had of charming men than she could have helped living. She was the only child of Francis and Margaret Haye, who lived in a pretty villa called the Limes, on the outskirts of Lilford. By kind indulgence the Hayes were permitted to rank with the gentry. They were not poor; they were not 'professionals;' they were not in trade. Francis Haye had an income that kept the family in comfort, but it would cease at his death. He had insured his life for the benefit of his wife and child, and the money that would come to them from that insurance was all that he had to leave them, still they belonged to the gentry. It was not a numerous class in Lilford, and was by no means to be identified with country society; that was a far off and greater glory—a world that even beautiful Violet with her Greuze like face had never hoped to enter. The gentry comprised old Colonel Maddox and his lady; Mrs. Brownson, widow lady with a daughter of uncertain age; the late Rector's widow, Mrs. Boulders; a maiden lady, Miss Stanley, the pride of whose life was that her second cousin had married a baronet, and who, in consequence, piqued herself on her high connections, and talked in a familiar way of the aristocracy; and a few others of the same calibre. It was not a brilliant circle, but to Violet Haye it was a world.

If of her numerous lovers she preferred one, it was Felix Lonsdale. It was an old story. He had certainly been her lover from the early age of seven. He had never thought of any one else; to him and for him the world was all Violet. In the sun's rays shone Violet; the birds sang 'Violet;' no flower bloomed that was as sweet as she. He had lived with this one thought; he had studied, worked, toiled—all for Violet, hoping that the day would come when he would be able to marry her. He had devoted his life to this one object.

Darcy Lonsdale had contrived to send his son to Oxford, and at Oxford he had distinguished himself as a scholar of no mean abilities; after that he had passed some time in London; and now he was with his father, sharing his labor and toils, and working hard, hoping one day to secure a partnership, and then to marry Violet. He had once thought of leaving Lilford; he felt that the place was small, the circle of interest limited. Then he put aside the thought as a temptation; he must not desert his father or leave his business to the hands of strangers. There was something almost heroic in the way in which he looked round upon the bright glittering world, with its magnificent battle-fields of skill and intellect, its great arenas where mind and brain fought mind and brains, and then said to himself, "No, my duties lie at home, and I will work there."

He was singularly gifted, this young Englishman, who was brave enough to make duty his guide. People often looked at him in wonder, asking themselves whence had come his clear-cut face—a face of the purest type, with dark clustering hair that waved back from a low, broad brow—his beautiful mouth, that could be rigid and firm, yet often wore a smile as sweet as a woman's, the dark eyes that were as true and eloquent as the soul they revealed. It was a poetical face, yet combining with the intellectual and the ideal something of the practical keenness of a clever man.

Darcy Lonsdale formed great hope for his son; he had rightly estimated his abilities, and he had said to himself that in time the best business of the country would be brought to him. He himself was industrious, honest, and in some degree a good lawyer; but his son was a genius, and the father told himself with a sigh that in these days a touch of genius was needed before one could make a mark in the world.

As boy, youth, and man Felix had loved Violet Haye—to win her, to make her his wife, had been the one dream of his life. He had had no other; and it was equally certain that up to the present time his love had brought him far more pain than pleasure, far more torment than rest, far more strife than peace. He could never tell whether beautiful Violet cared for him or not—all the country-side knew that he loved her. It seemed to him that the very birds in the trees and the flowers in the hedges knew that. It had never been a secret; but he could not guess whether she cared for him. If ever he felt hopeful and augured much from a kinder word or a sweeter smile than usual, the next time she saw him Violet would be cold. She was so proud that he could hardly extort a word from her; and yet he had a dim idea, a faint conviction, that she preferred him to any other.

Now was his opportunity. He was already making a fair income by writing reviews and essays. If his father took him into partnership, his share, though perhaps small at first, would be certain, and would increase. Now was his opportunity; he would delay no longer, but would at once ask Violet Haye to be his wife.

"It seemed almost to good to be true," he thought to himself, "that I should succeed in my profession, that I should win the girl I love for my wife, that I should be happy and blessed. What have I done to deserve it?" He looked up to the sunlit skies. "Done," he repeated—"I have done nothing. It is the goodness of Heaven that has given it to me. Heaven grants all to industry," he thought, "and while I work I need not fear."

In that hour no thought came to him of the storm clouds that darken men's lives—of the terrible tempests that rend heart and brain—of the despair that looks for death as relief. He saw only the blue sky and the golden sunshine.

He saw nothing but the beauty of the fair earth and the laughing sky when he went to woo beautiful Violet Haye and ask her to be his wife. He had been waiting only until he saw a prospect clear and bright before him. Francis Haye might have objected to a man with an uncertain future; Francis Haye would not object to the junior partner of the old-established house of Lonsdale. He was only twenty-four, and, after selecting a very choice flower for his coat, was to be forgiven, if he looked once at his clear-cut face and dark moustache. As he quitted his father's house on that lovely summer afternoon there was perhaps not a handsomer, truer, more noble or gallant young lover in all broad England than Felix Lonsdale.

"Wish me good fortune, *madre*," he said, bending down to kiss Kate Lonsdale's kindly face—"I am going to the Limes."

Kate looked up with a smile. She made no answer. She kissed him as his own mother would have done, and watched him as he walked down the street.

"There is no need to wish him good fortune," she said to herself; "the girl is not in existence who would say 'no' to him."

As she went through her round of duties, Mrs. Lonsdale thought long and anxiously that she would like to know how Felix was speeding his wooing.

CHAPTER III.

It was a glorious afternoon. The country about Lilford was beautiful in the extreme, with lovely undulating meadows, great chains of green hills that stretched into the far distance, dark, shady woods with some of the finest trees in England, lovely green lanes where wild-flowers raised their bright heads.

The town itself was quaint and picturesque; the pretty old-fashioned houses were almost buried in foliage. The one long main street of the town—Castle street—might have been taken for a Parisian Boulevard, it was so regularly planted with trees.

This afternoon seemed to Felix Lonsdale one of the fairest that he ever remembered. He walked through the clover meadows, his heart singing for joy, snatches of song rising to his lips. The hedges were all pink and white with hawthorn, long sprays of woodbine twined round the rugged trunks of the tall trees, the clover was thick and odorous. He crossed the path at the end of Oakwoods, where he saw most glorious vistas of light and shade, entered a long green lane, and then he reached the fair green fields that led to the Limes, the home of his love.

Presently he saw Violet Haye. He gazed at her in mute wonder that earth should hold anything so fair.

She carried a little basket filled with flowers, and on her golden head she wore a simple garden-hat. Her dress seemed to him a wonderful combination of white and blue.

A feeling of humility came over him—who was he that he should hope to win this brilliant young beauty and make her his own? Then his pride re-asserted itself; his love ennobled him, he could hope to win her because he loved her so dearly. Violet did not see him. She was walking in the other direction, and he hastened after her.

It was no wonder that he loved her; the smiles with which she greeted him would have turned many a wiser brain than his own.

"Felix!" she cried, "I did not dream of seeing you."

"And seeing you, Violet, is like a dream," he replied, "and after I have left you I think of a hundred things that I wanted to say to you, meant to say, and yet forgot."

"That proves that you have a bad memory, Felix," laughed Violet; "but what has brought you to the Limes this warm afternoon?"

"I have come to see you."

"I ought to be much obliged to you," she replied; "but the afternoon is a very busy time with me. I attend to all these flowers myself."

"I will help you, and I hope I shall be no obstacle to your pleasant thoughts, Violet," he said.

They walked together until they reached an opening in the lawn; there was a bank gay with wild flowers, a hedge full of wild roses, and hawthorns crowned it. Felix took the basket from her hand and placed it on the bank.

"I have come to talk to you, Violet," he said. "You must forget your flowers for a few minutes and listen to me. Such a day as this, Violet, was made for a love story. I have an idea that everything in nature is interested in mine."

"Your ideas are not of the ordinary kind," she remarked.

"No, they are not, I own. Still they please me, Violet. I have a sweet fancy. Shakspeare says all sweet fancies come to lovers."

"But we are not lovers, Felix," she said gravely.

"Then I sincerely hope we soon shall be. I have a fancy, Violet, that every bird singing in the trees knows why I am here, that the flowers and the sunshine know it."

"Then," observed Violet, "they are wiser than I."

"No, not wiser, or sweeter, or brighter than you; but it was an idle, pretty fancy, Violet. As I walked under the great shady trees every leaf seemed to stir—as I passed, the roses in the hedges nodded; they said: 'The sun shines bright and the earth is fair; now is the time for youth and love.'"

Violet looked up at him with a resigned little sigh.

"Not being either a bird or a flower, I am not in their confidence, Felix; and perhaps when you have finished with them you will then tell me what you have to say."

"I will tell you now. I have such good news, Violet. Mrs. Hardman, one of my father's clients, has left him six thousand pounds."

Violet's eyes opened very wide in wonder.

"Six thousand pounds! That is a great deal of money, is it not, Felix?"

"Yes, a very great deal. You know my father has an excellent business, but he did certainly want a little more money. This legacy has made him happier than I can tell you."

"I should not think that money would make any one happy," said Violet, thoughtfully.

"No, it would not. Never hold with that idea, Violet. But this is the important thing—my father will now give me a partnership. My darling, do you understand—a partnership?"

"Yes, Felix—what then?"

"I have one hundred a year that my dear mother left me; I make quite another by reviews and articles for legal papers—that makes two hundred; then from the business I am sure to obtain at least three hundred more—that will give me five hundred a year, Violet; and my darling, there is a beautiful little cottage *orne* near Oakwoods; and, oh, Violet, Violet! will you be my wife? My darling, you know how long and how faithfully I have loved you. I have come to-day to ask you to be my wife."

Her white hands dropped listlessly; she turned her face to his; no warm flush covered it, no love-light shone in the violet eyes.

"How cruel of you," she said, in a soft, lingering manner—"how very cruel on this sunny day to ask such a question."

There was no anger in her face, no annoyance—nor was there pleasure or happiness; she looked rather like a child who had been disturbed at play.

He was neither anxious or dismayed, for he understood the expression on her face well.

"Why do you think it is cruel?" he inquired.

"It is cruel. You know I do not want to be married, Felix. I do not like being teased about love."

"But, my darling, no one can look at you and not love you."

"That is not my fault. And, Felix, you should not call me 'darling;' don't you know it is hardly proper?"

"If I knew a word that conveyed more, or sounded more sweetly, I should use it," he said, looking with passionate admiration at the pure, perfect face. "Oh! Violet, do accept me! No one else in the wide world loves you half so much. I would make you so happy that you would never regret it."

"I am very happy now," she murmured plaintively.

"That little cottage *orne* is so pretty, Violet. There is a charming drawing-room that opens into a flower-garden—imagine that all furnished in white and gold; then there is a little room upstairs I should furnish as a boudoir for you—a room that would be a fitting shrine for my pearl of pearls. My own darling, you should have everything that your heart desires."

She touched his face gently with her dainty hand.

"You would buy the moon for me if I wanted it and you could obtain it," she said, laughingly. "But, Felix, I do not want the moon, and I do not want to be married. Do talk of something more pleasant."

"Violet, my heart is so full of this; it seemed to me as I came along that I walked on air. I have loved you so long; I have no life apart from you; and I have been waiting so impatiently until I could see a chance of making a beautiful home for you. Now I see it; do not be cruel, I implore you."

"It is you who are cruel to shadow this beautiful day by talking of love and marriage, Felix."

The words sounded both hard and cruel, but there was no coldness on her fair face.

"You know I have loved you, Violet, ever since we were children."

"Yes, I know it. I should know it; you tell me so every day."

"And you—you have had admirers of every kind, I believe, dark and fair, tall and short; but, Violet, you love me best, do you not?"

The lovely face drooped over a bunch of wild thyme. She did not answer, but he persisted in his questioning.

"You love me best, Violet, do you not? Oh, my darling, be a little kind to me."

There was such passionate love in his handsome eyes, such pain in his face, that she was touched.

"Yes, I do love you, Felix," she said gently.

And then she looked up in alarm. He had clasped her hands in his and covered them with kisses; his dark eyes were dim with tears.

"Oh! my love!" he cried, "you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! If you had said you did not love me, the words would have killed me as surely as ever a man was slain. My darling, do you not see that if you love me, you must of necessity be my wife? You must of necessity be my wife," he repeated, "or what is the use of love?"

"It is pleasant," she replied; "still, marriage—well, Felix, you will laugh if I tell you that it seems to me like calling a child into a gloomy house from the sunshine and from play."

"That is not a pleasant comparison, Violet, my darling," he remarked, smiling. "You will be very happy. Now you spend your life among all kinds of bright, pretty things. You shall do the same then. No shadow of care shall come near you. You shall know no trouble. You shall be one of the most worshipped as you will be one of the most beautiful of wives."

"But, Felix," she said slowly, with an air of perplexity on her beautiful face, "it seems to me that marriage is the end of everything. Once married, there is nothing for one to look forward to, nothing, as it were, to hope for; it is the beginning of a dull, gray, monotonous stretch of life."

"You will not always say so, Violet," Felix laughed. "You must marry—you love me. Promise to marry me."

She was looking away beyond the green trees, as though she were trying to peer into some far-off future.

"I do love you," she returned, thoughtfully—"I am sure that I love you—but there seems to be something more wanting. I cannot think this is all that life holds for me; yet I cannot tell what it is I want."

"You love me," said Felix. "I am quite content. The rest is nothing but the natural fear that a young girl has of a new life. Tell me again—my heart hungers for the words—that you love me, Violet."

Slowly she turned her eyes from the distant hills; slowly she raised them to her lover's face. Love him? Certainly she did. His ardent young face had some of the proud, stern beauty that immortalized the Greek heroes. There was none like him in Lilford. Certainly she loved him very much. Why hesitate to say so? She spoke slowly, in a sweet, clear voice:

"Most surely, Felix, I love you."

And the words seemed to fill him with delight. He took the soft white hands in his, and held them fast while he made her repeat again and again that she loved him.

"You can never go back from your word, Violet. No human ear hears us; but, behold the great broad blue sky. Your vow is made to me darling, before Heaven."

"I have made no vow, Felix."

"You have said that you love me, Violet, make me quite happy now. Already I am so happy that the air seems to fairly intoxicate me. Say you will be my wife."

She was thinking again, with the same far-off look in her eyes, and she said suddenly:

"A cottage *orne*. Do you mean that pretty villa where the Hendersons stayed, Felix?"

The question seemed to him almost decisive. She would not have asked if she meant to refuse him. He could hardly answer her calmly, but he beat back his emotion.

"She is easily startled," he said to himself—"I must be very cautious what I say to her."

He answered:

"Yes; and many of the beautiful things that Captain Henderson bought are there now. To my mind it is the prettiest house in Lilford; and, my darling, I have a vision of you standing in that pretty entrance-hall, waiting for me when business hours are over. I can see the light from the stained-glass window falling on your golden hair. I can see the sunlight lying outside on the flowers. I can see my wife's sweet face grow brighter for my coming. I can see your hands stretched out to welcome me. I can also see the years pass on, and life grow brighter and more beautiful. Do you like the picture, Violet? Won't you please make it real?"

His great passionate love, shining in his eyes, trembling on his lip, touched her. Her beautiful face grew pale. She was woman enough to feel the beauty of the future he had painted for her—woman enough to appreciate the deep, honest, true love afforded her.

"I would rather not promise," she said; "but I will think of it."

"You do not refuse?"

"No I do not refuse, Felix," she answered.

"Why, then!" he cried, "the victory is won! You will be my wife. My darling I love you all the better for your shy, sweet reserve. How could I be so foolish as to fear that I should not marry my sweet girl-love, Violet? See, darling, I have been keeping this for you ever since I came home from London."

He drew a little morocco case from his pocket, and, opening it, took out a pretty ring. It was of gold, set with handsome pearls.

"You will let me put this on your finger, Violet. This is your betrothal ring. You will never part with it—promise me that."

She looked at the pretty jewel shining on her finger.

"No, I will never part with it," she said; "but remember, Felix, I have not quite promised."

"Not quite," he returned, with a happy laugh. "You will let me go back to the Limes with you, Violet, and tell Mrs. Haye what I have asked you?"

"Must you tell them now so soon?" she asked. "It will be almost the same as being married."

"It will be only the foreshadowing of a happy future, Violet. Yes, I must tell them to-night. It would not be honorable to keep silence; besides, I am so proud of the treasure I have won that I could not be silent if I would."

They went back to the Limes; tea was ready in one of the sunny little rooms that looked into the garden, and Mrs. Haye sat waiting for her daughter. She smiled as the beautiful girl entered with her lover.

"I am not surprised," she said. "I thought it was so. Violet is two hours later than she intended to be, and then does not return alone. That is just like Violet."

Later on in the evening Felix told his love-story to Violet's parents, who were pleased with it—pleased, but not elated. Violet was very lovely; she belonged to the gentry. Her beauty ought to have done much for her; still Felix would one day certainly be the leading lawyer in Lilford, and the legacy had quite altered matters. But for that and the partnership, Mr. Haye would not have been willing for his daughter to engage herself to Felix Lonsdale; however, in that country spot he was now a good match. They talked for some time about the prospects of business, about the cottage *orne*, about Lilford, and then Felix knew that it was time for him to go.

Violet went with him to the garden-gate. How many times he had blessed that garden-gate. A great lilac bush shaded it, and some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent there. The moon was shining, and the flowers were steeped in glittering dew as the lovers walked through the garden. It was a long good-night. They stood under the sweet-smelling lilac, and the moonlight seemed to soften Violet's heart just as it softened the beauty of her marvellous face.

"Violet," said her lover, "won't you give me one kiss?" It is customary at all betrothals, and this has been our betrothal-day."

She raised her fair face to him in the moonlight, and he imprinted a kiss on her sweet lips.

"Remember," she told him, "I have not quite promised."

"I have been thinking of your wedding-dress, Violet," he said; "it shall be of white silk. My darling, you will be such a beautiful bride that every one who sees you will want to take you away from me."

The lilac-leaves were wet with dew, and the lovers laughed as the dew drops fell over them. They laughed as the night-wind swept over the sleeping flowers—as the great boughs swayed and murmured. All the world seemed so fair. Then Felix found it was growing late. It was hard to shorten this, the happiest hour of his life, but it must be done.

"Violet, I could stand here saying good-night until morning dawned; but it must not be. Good-night."

Once more he kissed the beautiful face, and whispered to her that she was dearest, sweetest, truest; that the world had no other jewel so rare, that he loved her with his whole soul; but she, when her fair face was resting on his breast and his strong, loving arms encircled her, whispered softly:

"I have not quite promised. Felix, do not forget that."

"I shall remember it only to love you the more," he answered, as he left her; and he smiled to himself each time that he thought of the words.

"You have brought good news home, Felix," remarked Mrs. Lonsdale, when she saw the happy light shining in his dark eyes.

"Yes, *madre*, good news," he replied. "I have seen Violet, and she was more beautiful and charming than I have ever seen her yet."

"And she promised," began Mrs. Lonsdale—and then she stopped suddenly, thinking to herself that after all she had no right to put the interrogatory that was on her lips.

Felix looked at her with a bright smile on his face.

"She will be my wife, *madre*. Mr. and Mrs. Haye are both willing. She has not exactly promised as yet; but she will marry me when I have a house ready for her."

Love and youth were strong within him; the mighty passion stirred his heart; he could not breathe within the narrow compass of four walls. He went out into the moonlight; he could think of it all—realize all better there. He had won Violet. She was his own, the beautiful girl whom every one loved and admired—his own, to love him and bless him, to crown his life.

The union was a settled thing. Both families met and talked it over. It was a certainty; and a few days after Felix had placed the pearl ring on Violet's finger he went to make inquiries about the cottage *orne*, while Mrs. Lonsdale said to herself more than once:

"I do not know why it is, but I wish that he had chosen Evelyn Lester."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEVIL'S FRUIT.

Potatoes were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Rowland, between eighty and ninety years ago. At first people would neither plant nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some, which he did and found potatoes. A curious Berwickshire legend, which however, is palpably anachronical, attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the north, Sir Michael Scot. The wizard and the devil being in partnership, took a lease of a farm on the Mourtoun estate, called Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the farm; the devil managed the capital. The produce was to be divided as follows: The first year Sir Michael was to have all that grew above the ground, and his partner all that grew below; the second year their shares were to be just the opposite way. His Satanic Majesty, as is usual in such cases, was fairly overreached in his bargain; for the wizard cunningly sowed all the land in the first year with wheat, and planted it with potatoes the second, so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat stubbles and potato tops; and this scourging rotation Sir Michael continued until he not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil. In spite of this legend, however, we must continue to give credit to Sir Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes in that country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the apples and disregarded the roots.

MOSAIC PICTURES.—Mosaic-working, an ingenious and pleasing art, is much practiced in Rome. The chief manufactory of this kind is in the hands of the government, and conducted in some of the lower apartments of the Vatican. The shading is by small pieces of glass, colored in all the distinguishable varieties of shade, and there are many more than might at first be imagined. We once visited the establishment, and saw the process with all the materials. The colored glass was arranged in a prescribed order, according to the colors and varieties, to the number of twenty thousand different shades. Some of these pieces are extremely small. To form a picture they are all set in a case prepared according to the size of the picture, and over which is spread a composition of marble dust, fine sand, gum, oil, and the whites of eggs, which, being at first soft, receives readily the selected particles which are inserted to form the shades of the picture. It grows harder, however, by time; and when the picture is finished and sufficiently indurated, it is polished.

DEATH'S POSSIBILITIES.

BY H. S. R.

Haughty battalions clad in steel advance,
Through some great city's heart, while all the air
Is loud with music, and the bright sun slants
On glimmering rows of bayonet and lance,
While by the dull drum's throb, the trumpet's blare,
Innumerous soldiers, props of tyrant's thrones,
Depart for battlefields, to leave their bones
They know not where.

Cresting serenely the untroubled seas,
A homebound bark, white in its many sails,
Cleaves with sharp keel the pliant waves in ease
That lave the beauty of the Antilles,
Scorning the sombre sea gull's ominous wails,
It hurries on, and does not mark, far back,
Within the purple south one blot of black
Which Death unveils!

A gentle breeze voluptuously roams
O'er fair Provence, where vine and olive glow,
It plays o'er fields of wheat and happy homes,
Caressing Toulouse and her eighty domes;
But none of all its welcomers can know,
While breathing its sweet essence, sea-released,
How from plague-haunted jungles of the East
That wind doth blow.

ANN KNIGHT;

OR,

The Toxico-Maniac.

BY C. H.

"Servants, madame, are very much in request. I had fifteen applications yesterday for housemaids, yet, I assure you, I had only six girls on my books."

Thus spoke Mrs. Smith, of the Registry Office.

"But," responded Mrs. Darling, the lady addressed, "I don't require a housemaid. I have already a valuable nurse, who would aid in household duties. I want a good, clever general servant, and to such a person I will pay willingly twenty guineas."

The eyes of Mrs. Smith dilated.

"Stop!" she muttered, consulting her watch; "I expect a girl every moment, and it is possible she might accept the situation."

And, in a trice, Mrs. Smith disappeared, and presently returned with a young woman, whose plain features were strangely illuminated by a pair of soft, unearthly blue eyes.

"Her name," said Mrs. Smith, explanatorily, "is Ann Knight. She is a native of Lincolnshire."

Again the beautiful eyes sparkled brightly.

"How long did you live in your last place?" asked Mrs. Darling.

"Three years, ma'am."

"Have you a character?"

"I can get one,"—confidentially; "but my late mistress, Mrs. Blake, has gone abroad."

Mrs. Darling pondered for an instant. Prudence suggested that she should decline to admit to her home a person unprovided with any sort of guarantee as to her honesty. Still, the girl looked in every respect most satisfactory. Her dress was simple; her manner a little reticent, perhaps, but not unprepossessing. She engaged Ann Knight.

"A very smart servant," remarked Captain Darling on the morning following—a dull December day.

Mrs. Darling hesitated.

"Yes, she thoroughly understands her work—but—but—what very odd eyes she has! Do you know dear, Charlotte tells me the baby can't bear those eyes. He screams if Ann comes anywhere near him."

"Faugh!" grunted the skeptical master of the house; "the child must be teething, or something."

It was within two days of Christmas that Mrs. Darling discovered accidentally no less than three strange cats in the house.

"Ann!" she cried, "please drive out those horrid creatures."

Ann did as she was desired. Then she remarked quietly:

"I've got some stuff as will cure them of that."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Darling.

"Nothing, ma'am. Only a little salt to put on their tails."

"Don't be so silly!" observed the lady, quite indignantly.

Nevertheless, from that hour no cat was ever seen in or about Trumpington Terrace.

At last Christmas dawned. It was a raw, foggy day, quite the reverse of cheerful.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Mrs. Darling entered the library, bearing in her hands a small tray containing a teapot, cups, saucers and cream.

"Dearest!" she cried. "See what a treasure our Ann is. Although she's got all the cooking on her hands, she has positively contrived to make us a cup of tea. So kind of her."

Captain Darling smiled approvingly as he responded:

"Very acceptable, indeed. The beauty of afternoon tea is that it doesn't spoil your dinner, like sherry."

And, having hastily swallowed the cupfull, he returned to his reading.

"Faugh!" he soliliquized, after a time, "I feel unaccountably nauseated. What the deuce can it be?"

But, before he could reason further, an overpowering impulse impelled him to rush forthwith to his dressing-room. Only just in time, however. He was sick—ay, horribly sick.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Darling, entering the room a minute later, with an ashen countenance; "what can be the matter? Do you know I've brought up that tea."

"Ugh!" he ejaculated; "Rinderpest milk, no doubt. Tell Ann to throw it away. I'll prosecute the fellow who sold that stuff."

"But," faltered his wife, "Im very ill. I couldn't walk downstairs. My head is reeling."

"Dear, dear!" cried he, springing to his feet—he had been reclining on a sofa—"this is a woful *contre-temps*. Come, come"—(affectionately) "we must not give in. Here's a nip of brandy. That's the medicine."

She took it, but it did no good.

"Dear, dear," she groaned, "I'd ever so much rather go to bed than eat or even talk."

"Yes, yes," he rejoined, "so would I. But, dearest, we must make the best of a bad business."

That evening a large number of friends were to dine with them, and in another minute a loud, military rat-tat-tat announced the advent of General Lefevre, a martinet in regard to punctuality. Shortly after Mrs. Dundas and party drove up, and the other guests followed *en suite*.

There were thirteen when they sat down to dinner.

"You're a der'lish good *chef*, Darling!" observed the General, a terrible *gourmet* in his way.

Captain Darling was flattered.

"Dear me," observed Mrs. Dundas, "how very unlucky. We're exactly thirteen. In Scotland they have a superstition that the first of the thirteen who leaves the table dies within a twelvemoth."

"Turn up the lamp, will you, John?" remarked Captain Darling to the attendant Mercury. "We all look like ghosts."

"We certainly do appear pale," said Mrs. Dundas. "It must be the yellow flame of the lamp."

"Or the shade of the holly," suggested the host. "General, try the cheese. I recommend it."

"Thank you, nothing more," replied the man of war. "I've dined."

"Never say dined," laughed Captain Darling.

"Quite so, I assure you, my boy. "By the way, rising, "you'll excuse me a second, I've left my handkerchief in the hall."

"Please let me help you find it," said the Captain, following close upon his heels.

At once the General button-holed his young friend.

"Darling," he stammered hoarsely, "sus-omething is the matter with my did-digestion. Tut-take me to your dressing-room. Quick!"

To hustle the old gentleman upstairs was the work of a moment.

He had just time to close the door when sickness supervened, and that, too, of a very violent character.

"I—I don't feel quite the thing myself," faltered Captain Darling, incontinently following the example of the apoplectic General, who flung himself on the sofa, in a state of utter prostration.

"Verdigris in the sauce pans!" groaned the elder gentleman. "Why, what's that?"

He might well ask, for a voice just then resounded through the partition of the adjoining bedroom, resembling a cataract.

It was half a dozen ladies going through the same performance.

Let us draw a veil over this scene. Suffice it that the guests went home in the most awful huff, determining that nothing short of a state of mental aberration should induce them again to risk a dinner with Captain and Mrs. Darling.

On the morrow Mrs. Darling was so ill as to be compelled to go to bed. Towards evening she became feverish, and the vomiting would not cease.

Under the circumstances, Dr. Sands was called in.

Captain Darling mentioned to him at once his conviction that somehow poisonous matter had got into the food, and, in consequence of this representation, the kitchen utensils were all carefully examined, as was also the water and portions of the food.

Nothing of a poisonous character was discovered.

Early on New Year's morning Mrs. Darling was awakened by a lamentable cry outside her bedroom door. Baby was very ill, and Charlotte implored her presence.

Mrs. Darling was not very long, you may be sure, in reaching her infant's bedchamber.

"Please ma'am!" cried the faithful Charlotte, "that find downstairs has poisoned both baby and I."

And she pointed to the writhing infant.

"What have you had?"

"Nothing but tea."

Mrs. Darling despatched Ann for Dr. Sands. Then she told what had occurred to her husband.

In ten minutes Ann Knight returned with the cool assertion that Dr. Sands was not at home. She had to confront her master.

"You will have to leave this house at once."

Ann Knight made no remark.

"You understand me. I expect you to pack your things and be out of here in ten minutes.

In less than the time specified Ann Knight's box was on the curb-stone. She had hailed a passing cab, and was ready to go.

"Here are your wages."

She smiled.

He had paid her a month in advance to get rid of her.

At once Captain Darling sallied off in search of a doctor. Passing Dr. Sands' residence, he perceived that gentleman standing at the window. They walked together to Trumpington Terrace.

"Now!" cried the doctor, "let us search the house, and, if we can find traces of poison, we will soon put the whole detective force on the trail of this infamous woman."

They tried every drawer in the kitchen. They examined, for the second time, pots, pans, and every kind of culinary vessel. Everything was clean, sweet, and wholesome.

"Try the coal-cellar," suggested Dr. Sands.

He lighted a candle, removed the upper crust of coals, and discovered fourteen dead cats.

"Poisoned?" inquired Captain Darling, eagerly.

"Evidently so."

"What do you suppose was the medium?"

"At a guess—emetic tartar. That, too, sir, depend upon it, was the cause of the collapse of your Christmas dinner. It was lucky that none of you got an overdose."

* * * * *

We now enter upon the second portion of this narrative, and must entreat the reader's patience if we introduce him to entirely fresh characters.

"I warn you solemnly, dearest child, that this Mr. Bentham has but one object in marrying you—your fortune. Up to this moment I have raised no objection. The time, however, has arrived for plain speaking. It is my duty as a mother."

Mrs. Maadew, a venerable widow, in thus addressing her only child, Edith, spoke with a sort of earnestness which is born of strong conviction.

It was no use. A fortnight after this Miss Edith Maadew exchanged her name for that of Bentham.

Young Bentham had been a medical student, but disliking the profession, had abandoned it for commercial life.

The newly-married pair took a house at Putney, and began by living up to their income.

For a maid she engaged a young woman named Sarah Smith, who brought a written character from a lady residing in Perth. It was enough that it was written on paper headed by a crest. Sarah Smith had liquid blue eyes, and she admired them.

For a few weeks everything went agreeable enough.

One evening, however, Mrs. Bentham felt unaccountably cross. She commenced by being snappish to Tom, and then, observing a something in his countenance which warned her to desist, and having no one else on whom to vent her spite, Sarah Smith caught it.

Sarah never answered. Her mouth remained motionless, whilst the beautiful eyes laughed as if Mrs. Bentham's tantrum was a good joke.

The Benthams went to an evening party, returning home tired, and then Tom went to his own room.

He had just got interested in his cigar and cold brandy, when a sharp tap at the door startled him.

"Come in, confound you! What's up now?"

"Please, sir, I don't think missus is well."

"All right, Sarah; I'll come and see her when my cigar's out. Give her a nip of brandy. Here," helping himself, "that's all I shall want. You'd better take the bottle."

Sarah obeyed in silence.

In about three more minutes, however, the housemaid rushed headlong into his room, without the preliminary of knocking.

"Please, sir!" shrieked the girl, "do come and help missus, for I'm sure she's dying!"

Such an appeal did not need repetition. He hurried at once to his wife's apartment.

It was a true tale. Edith lay on the floor, livid, Sarah Smith standing by her side with an appearance of vacant curiosity.

"Shall I run for a doctor, sir?" suggested the housemaid, who had followed after Tom.

"No," he replied, petulantly; "I'm as good a doctor as any man who holds a certificate. Why—what? Has she been sick?"

This to Sarah Smith.

"Very bad," was the cool reply; "you ought to have come long ago, when I called you, sir."

Setting to work he tried to revive her, but an hour after midnight he felt the pulse flag. Then, for the first time, his blind confidence in his own skill deserted him. He despatched a servant for the nearest physician, at the same time forcing brandy down his wife's throat, which exhibited symptoms of excessive ulceration. The result defied his utmost anticipations. The windpipe closed, and the wretched woman died of asphyxia, just as the doctor arrived.

An inquest followed upon such a death, as a matter of course.

The evidence was voluminous, and can only be skeletonized.

They put Tom into the witness box. He narrated that with which the reader is acquainted, but could suggest no cause for the death.

Sarah Smith was next placed in the box. She swore that when she went upstairs to undress her mistress she met Mr. Bentham issuing from his wife's room with a bottle of sherry. Mrs. Bentham, before her sudden seizure, mentioned that her husband, at her request, had fetched her the wine, and she thought it must have been the bottom of the bottle, because it looked muddy.

The housemaid spoke of Mr. Bentham's refusal to summon a doctor until it was too late, adding her opinion that he "took it by far too cool," and was afterwards conscience stricken.

Lastly, Mrs. Maadew declared, with passionate earnestness, her conviction that Tom had married her daughter for her money only, and connected his demand to have her fortune settled on himself, with the catastrophe which had occurred.

On this the jury retired.

There was a considerable crowd in the bar of "The Fox and Hound," where the inquest was being held, and the excitement was intense.

Two gentlemen accidentally passing down the Richmond Road at this juncture, paused to inqurre the cause of such commotion.

"Man poisoned his wife," volunteered a bystander.

"This is interesting, Darling," remarked one of the afore-mentioned parties—"to me, at all events, as a doctor. I happen to be acquainted with the coroner. Suppose I send in my card, and ask for admission to the bench?"

"With all my heart, Sands. Ever since poor General Lefevre died from the effects of our Christmas dinner, poison has exercised a fascination on me."

In three minutes they were seated on the bench, and immediately after the foreman re-entered the room.

"The jury," he said, "wish to ask Sarah Smith a question."

"Let Sarah Smith stand forward!" cried the coroner.

The witness did so.

"Sands!" whispered Captain Darling, excitedly, "who is this? So they call that woman Sarah Smith?"

"Yes. Hush. The foreman is about to speak."

"Was there any sherry left in the tumbler Mrs. Bentham drank out of before she was taken ill?"

Sarah Smith returned no answer. Her eyes were riveted on Captain Darling with an almost demoniac expression of recognition.

"Pardon me, sir," said Captain Darling, rising, "but do I understand you to say the witness has been sworn under the name of Sarah Smith?"

The coroner answered in the affirmative.

"The *alias* under which she passed when in my service was Ann Knight; and I think I may further the ends of justice by stating publicly that I discharged her on suspicion of having used poison in my household."

"And I," added Dr. Sands, "can throw additional light on the witnesses' career. Unless I am mistaken, I remember this very girl as an inmate of the —— lunatic asylum, where she passed as Mary Steele, and you may put me now under oath that that woman is mad."

"Have her searched," suggested Captain Darling to the inspector.

This suggestion was at once acted upon. She was taken to the station, but the woman employed could find nothing on her person.

"Have you tried the lining of her dress?" asked Dr. Sands.

They had not; but they did investigate that portion of her drapery, and also her corsets. The last named article of raiment seemed unusually bulky; so they took the liberty of cutting them open. Then the secret transpired.

They discovered, carefully sewn up, about an ounce of tartar emetic.

* * * * *

"A miraculous deliverance!" observed Dr. Sands, addressing no less a person than Tom Bentham, some six weeks after this.

"You may well say so," was the earnest reply.

"I think," remarked Captain Darling, "that your case proves how essential it is, in accepting circumstantial evidence, that every link in the chain should be both complete and corroborated. The jury were going to hang you on the testimony of the actual murderess!"

"And also," slyly added Dr. Sands, "there is another moral to this tale, viz: that people who take a servant without a character, must expect to find in her a possible Ann Knight!"

News of Interest

Postmasters all refuse the trade dollar.

Counterfeit half dollars are in circulation.

The sun is 320,000 times as large as the earth.

Billiards were originally played on the ground.

Window mirrors are greatly used in Amsterdam.

Keep the body well clad and the feet well shod.

By chemical means linen can be made into sugar.

There are over 20,000 stitches in a well-made shirt.

With Egyptians it was a capital offense to kill a cat.

The wigglers in rain water are the young mosquitoes.

Gold leaf is the 280,000th part of an inch in thickness.

There are 60 known varieties of oysters in the world.

The nearest star is 250,000 times as far off as our sun.

Stanley, the African explorer, is very thin and weak.

California has waterfalls three times as high as Niagara.

"Mansard roof" turned into English is only garret roof.

The latest dictionaries give 43,566 words in our language.

Houses in Amsterdam are built leaning toward each other.

There are 60,000 commercial travelers in the United States.

An Englishman has found a way to keep iron from rusting.

A jury at Montpelier, Vt., says lager beer is not intoxicating.

Chinese coal production already reaches 3,000,000 tons a year.

Tom Thumb is rich, but his father is in a Chicago poorhouse.

Ulsters, with belts and buckles, appear on the winter charts.

Flies have wholly vanished from the yellow fever districts.

The Thessalians decreed that women should not drink wine.

Now Tom Paine's admirers claim he was the author of "Junius."

A swarm of bees lately stung a horse to death in Bucks county.

We are represented in Rome by 17 sculptors and 18 painters.

In 1877, Great Britain had 100 miles of tunnel, costing $50,000,000.

Poisoning by a green shade over the eyes is reported medically.

Washington's will, now fading fast, is to be copied by photo-lithography.

The fever in the South will interfere materially with the cotton crop.

The husband of Thomas Carly le's sister is a house carpenter named Aitkin.

Recently 38 persons were baptised at a Texas camp meeting, by torchlight.

Envelopes decorated with little water colors are the latest in fancy stationery.

A scientist raises his voice against cheap wall-paper, as he says there is arsenic in it.

The starving miners of Shropshire, in England, were reluctant to accept rice as food.

A lady who weighs 100 pounds here, would weigh 2,700 pounds on the surface of the sun.

Wood grown in a moist soil is lighter and decays sooner than that grown in sandy dry soil.

The match of the ex-Prince Imperial of France with the Princess Thyra of Denmark is declared off.

All colors shading on red will continue in favor during the approaching Fall and Winter season.

55,000,000 pairs of pegged shoes were made and sold by manufacturers in the United States in 1877.

A French actress has a skeleton so arranged as to throw a reflection in the mirror at the foot of her bed.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings and at the same time cuts the sinews of the wrist.

There are stone bridges in China three or four miles long, and an arch of the incredible span of 600 feet.

We hate to see a boy with the manners of an old man, but worse to see an old man with the manners of a boy.

Many people's lives are not worth the market value of the iron in their blood and the phosphorus in their bones.

George Henry Hogstufler, of Cincinnati, wants his name changed because people will not pronounce it Hawkstewfer.

If you ask an obstinate man to incline his ears to reason, he is apt to incline them backward, like a mischievous horse.

A Cleveland woman advertises for washing, and says that, having been until lately in affluence, she knows what fastidious folks require.

Edison's latest invention is ink for the blind. When used, it produces raised letters, which can be read by the touch of the fingers.

In aping the manners of foreign countries, we lose what is best in our own, and expose ourselves to the ridicule of those we imitate.

Misfortunes are often moral bitters, that restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

Time passes most slowly and tediously to the idle and listless. The best cure for dulness is to keep busy.

We trouble life by the care of death, and death by the care of life. The one torments, the other frights us.

Ladies Returning from the Sea-Side,

and from interior spas and watering-places, will find LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a certain means of effacing tan, freckles and other disfigurements caused by exposure to the sun and air. Nor will they incur the slightest risk in using this beauty-giving article, since it does not contain a single constituent prejudicial to health. In this, as in every other respect, it is immeasurably superior to all other preparations for the skin. It obviates every defect of the complexion, and imparts an additional charm to the fairest face.

PARLOR MAGIC.

It is only a flower that I give you,
A hundred-leaved, damask-eyed rose;
Shut in there between the dark pages
When that look of enchantment you close.

But when it is crushed and withered,
And you—still a rose in your bloom,
Lift it up with your careless white fingers,
Take it out of its magical tomb.

It will spread with its fragrance around you
The spell of a breeze-shaken tune,
An hour in a garden of roses,
A morning of sunshine and June.

A face that implored with pale passion,
Empty arms that entreated you, sweet,
And a heart that had perished to please you,
Trodden under your pitiless feet!

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART III.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I do not see anything noble in a woman who permits a married man to kiss her, and is exalted into a heaven of bliss by the touch of lips that should have stung her into shame. I daresay I have very homely, matter-of-fact ideas; but I confess that I think the rude Walpurga had a nobler heart than the titled lady."

"Walpurga was well enough in her way—a good honest woman with not even the shadow of a temptation to combat; but had you read the book critically, you would have discovered a deeper meaning in it than you seemed to have found, and in proportion as Irma's character must have been exalted, that of Walpurga might have fallen. The love-making of the coarse valet had no temptation for the honest soul whose heart was with her husband and child. Had Walpurga loved the valet, and yet never listened to one tender word from his lips, then she would have been the superior of the Countess, who for a few brief days stood dizzy upon the edge of the vortex of the King's passion for her, and had not strength to turn away. That she did at last escape from it without being engulfed, that she resisted the letters he wrote, madly pleading for her return, that she devoted her life to the penance of isolation from the world, proved her innocence and her worth."

"Well, you may think so; but I still think it would have been better proven if, when the King first pressed her hand, she had given him a look that would have prevented him from pressing it again; and when he kissed her, either have threatened to tell his wife, or else given up her situation at Court. But, dear me," rising to leave, "I am sure Mr. Davenport is waiting for you; he is a great monopolist, and looked terribly bored to-day at the prospect of another excursion in force, when we arranged for Baiæ to-morrow. He would prefer to visit all these places with you alone, I know."

"Do not get such an idea in your head. Mr. Davenport is no more to me than Colonel Potten is to you. I think, Laura, we may congratulate ourselves upon having secured two genuine friends at last, without any nonsense about them, don't you?"

"As far as Colonel Potten is concerned, I am quite sure of him. I cannot say as much of Mr. Davenport. If I were you, I would not place too great reliance upon his friendship, for I think there is very little of the 'calm, cold, wise sentiments' in his feeling for you."

"Absurd! He has been with us so long that we are really quite on brotherly terms, and he would laugh at the idea of any other sentiment as soon as I would."

Miss Lennox looked back over her shoulder at Agatha as she left the room.

"Take my advice, dear; don't trust your brother."

CHAPTER V.

AGATHA URGED TO MARRY ORMUS DANENFORT. ANNOUNCES THAT HER WHOLE HEART IS GIVEN TO ANOTHER, TO WHOM SHE HOPES TO BELONG IN ANOTHER WORLD, THOUGH NEVER IN THIS.

"Conduct is fate."
—*Leon Dundas.*

The day following, appointed for the excursion to Baiæ, proved to be as heavenly as the preceding ones. Mr. Clawson, receiving a large supply of letters and journals from his banker that morning, concluded that he would remain behind to read them, and the party set off at an early hour without him, for Mr. Clawson had a weakness for the latest news, and was always well posted concerning all that was going on.

"These excursions are too much for Mr. Clawson," said Mr. Jenkins, who with Colonel Potten was seated in the carriage *vis-a-vis* to Mrs. Atherton and Miss Lennox. "You know at home he is never visible before one o'clock post meridian, on ordinary occasions."

"I should survive if he were never visible," replied Miss Lennox.

"You are awfully severe upon Clawson lately; has the man been making love to you?"

"He is too much in love with himself to make love to anyone. I am heartily glad that he has stayed at home for several reasons."

"Pray tell us the reasons," said Mrs. Atherton.

"He eats more than his share of mandarins, that is the principal reason; and then, as we are going to take a sail out from Baiæ to the coral reefs, all our pleasure might be destroyed because he is afraid of the water."

"Really, is Mr. Clawson afraid of the water?"

"He is so afraid of it that he never touches it to drink."

Mr. Jenkins shook his head sagely, looking very demure, as if perplexed over some question that had risen in his mind. At last he said:

"Potten, this looks suspicious. I have always heard that when a woman begins by abusing a man, she ends by marrying him. I shall make a note of this."

"As you did the other day about Agatha and Mr. Davenport. How is it that all men think women, after they have reached a certain age, are so desirous of marrying that they will take anyone who offers? Make your note, Mr. Jenkins; it will serve as a reminder of the mistake you have made, in judging of matters that you know nothing about. A woman who marries for any other reason than love had better take poison as the quickest way of ending her sufferings."

"I don't agree with you," said Mr. Jenkins. "She had much better make the best of it, and get all she can out of life."

At this moment Miss Lennox, recalled to remembrance by the expression upon Mrs. Atherton's face, as she and Mr. Jenkins exchanged a glance, changed the conversation.

It was a charming drive to the Temple of Serapis, where, while taking their breakfast, as is the custom with excursionists, a carriage drove up, and Mr. Clawson arrived in time to get his share of the mandarins. He had a budget of news. Mr. Marston, who had all his life been so fastidious in his choice of a wife, that no woman, who had even fancied herself in love but once in her life, could have tempted him to offer at her shrine his immaculate affections, was engaged to Mrs. Barlow.

"How men do get taken in! That woman is not only a widow, but she has had no end of affairs," he said, addressing Agatha, who had not a word to say in her defence. Mr. Clawson continued: "There are lots of engagements announced, and no end of people, whom we all know, coming over; among others, Carroll Tracey. A queer feeling he must have when he meets Mortimer. I beg your pardon, Miss Lee, I quite forgot Frank Mortimer was your cousin."

Agatha's face had reddened at the first mention of Carroll Tracey; and Mr. Davenport, always on the alert, now hastened to withdraw attention from her by telling an experience of Mr. Clawson's at a dinner where he had been called upon to make a speech in French. It was one of Mr. Clawson's weaknesses not to admit that he was not equally at home in the French language as in his mother tongue; and he never lost an opportunity for airing the little that he knew. That his doing so was a source of amusement to his companions never in the least disconcerted him; and now he confirmed Mr. Davenport's account, insisting that he had done both himself and his country justice.

"I wish you would repeat the speech; I would like to hear it above all things," said one.

"Do tell us what you said," said another. All were vociferous for the speech.

"Certainly, I will tell you what I can remember of it. I commenced by expressing my great regret that my limited knowledge of——"

"Oh, but tell us in French, not in English," said Miss Lennox. "We all want to hear the *original* French, don't we, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Certainly we do. I am sure that all the point would be lost in translating it. By all means, we must hear it in French."

"You should have been at the dinner, then. I am sorry that you have lost the opportunity, but I never address an audience in any language but its own. Some one of the number might not understand the French language, you know, and find it *très embarrassant.*"

Attention having been diverted from Agatha, and time given her to recover, Mr. Davenport now seconded Mr. Lee's efforts to get them all started on their tour of sight seeing. After a slight survey of the ruins of the Temples of Neptune and of the Nymphs, of the site of Cicero's villa, and the Amphitheatre, they turned aside to visit the half-extinct volcano of Solfatara, Lake Avernus, and the grotto of the Sibyl; then proceeded to Baiæ, or rather to the site of that town, once so celebrated for its superb temples and magnificent palaces and villas, as well as for its wanton reign of luxury and profligacy in the days when as a Roman watering-place it had no equal. Now, even as then, one might well say, "Nothing can be compared with the lovely Bay of Baiæ," though of all its costly splendor there remain only the desolate ruins of temples, baths, and theatres; endless masses of ancient, crumbling masonry, fragments of mosaic, traces of vast piers, and innumerable vaulted passages. The rare beauty of the day tempted them to prolong the sail which they took out to the coral reefs. But for the ripples in the water that the oars made, they would have seemed to float "upon a plane of light between two heavens of azure." Miss Lennox quoted Shelly, and compared Capri and Ischia to huge vaporous amethysts quivering through the aerial gold that flooded nature. Agatha sat speechless, her dreamy eyes taking in all the exquisite beauty of the scene, although her mind was far away. All were more impressed and subdued by the indescribable beauty that surrounded them, so that all jesting subsided, and even their low laughter died away.

Mr. Jenkins began to feel the stillness oppressive.

"If this silence continues I cannot answer for the consequences," he said. "I feel a desperate inclination to make love to some one. I am sure Clawson will end by proposing to Miss Lennox, whom he is eyeing so sentimentally."

"I would if I had a show of encouragement, but Miss Lennox frowns down all my efforts to make myself agreeable. Potten, suppose you try your luck; you may succeed better."

Glancing at Miss Lennox, Colonel Potten saw her cheeks suffused with color. Her usual *presence d'esprit* seemed to have forsaken her.

"I might have done so long since had not Miss Lennox once told me that she would never marry a widower," he said boldly; and Miss Lennox, suddenly recovering her self-possession, exclaimed:

"What a fib! I never said such a thing in my life. I have a weakness for widowers."

Every one laughed, but of course understood it as the jest was intended to be understood. Colonel Potten did not forget it, however; once or twice after this he found himself comparing Miss Lennox with Agatha, and always in favor of the former. He recalled an adage that his mother had often quoted to him in his youth: "Fine sense or exalted sense is very well in its way, but sound common sense is much better." The current of his mind once set in this channel, he permitted it to bear him on, to the resolving of all the 'pros and cons." of such a project; and that very evening, after musing over it in his room at the hotel, he finally rose from the arm-chair in which he had been enjoying his reverie, and paced the floor indulging in this soliloquy:—

"The more I see of her, the better I like her. She is most excellent company—no blue devils where she is. She is not erratic in any of her views, nor is she sentimental. If I am lucky enough to win her heart, and I have sometimes fancied that I might win it, I know well that she would make a good wife. And then, she has a fortune in her own right, and it will not be a bad thing to put our money together. I believe she is the very one for me."

After that evening, Colonel Potten's attentions to Miss Lennox were such as to leave no one in doubt as to their nature; excepting Miss Lennox herself, who was the last to become enlightened.

From Naples they all went to Sorrento, settling down in that homelike of pensions, Villa Nardi.

It was here that, as Colonel Potten and Miss Lennox were strolling along the cliffs one morning, under the boughs of the orange-groves, he said:

"Do you remember once classifying your lovers under two heads—those whom you would not have, and those who would not have you? Are you going to number me in the first category?"

"Miss Lennox looked a little confused as she answered, "No, for you are on my list of friends."

"But what if I want to be more than a friend; how then? I am not going to make love to you like a school-boy, Miss Lennox; but I do assure you that if you will confer upon me the happiness that it will give me to make you my wife, I will in return make you as happy as I can; and I feel that I can make you very happy."

They were standing by the low parapet, and Miss Lennox was looking down to the foot of the precipice when the dappled aquamarine and emerald waters of the bay were breaking in whispered murmurs against the rocks. For a few moments she was too much agitated to answer. This was not the love-making she had dreamed of in bygone days, nor was it such as her riper years still longed for; but the man stood beside her was the only one whom she had ever loved, and she could not hear with indifference any words that came from his lips. Her hesitation was not unremarked by Colonel Potten, neither did he fail to see the agitation which caused her bosom to swell, and a tremulous sigh to escape her. He took the hand that rested upon the parapet.

"Will you not give me this little hand for my own, and with it the treasure that I covet—the heart of the dearest and best and loveliest woman that I know?"

She felt the magnetism of his touch, and, looking straight into his eyes, she answered:

"This seems like a dream to me, but even though it be a dream, I still like to say to you that you can have the hand if you care for it, nor am I ashamed to tell you now that I gave you the heart long, long before you asked for it."

As she spoke her face glowed with the happiness within, and Colonel Potten was more than contented—he was happy. He drew the hand that now belonged to him within his arm, pacing up and down the shaded alleys of the orange grove, he drew from her the confession that, during all these years, in which no thoughts but friendship for her had come to him; she had held in her heart the love which he had awaken in her girlhood, concealing it so carefully that he had never dreamed that it was there. He asked question after question, eager to hear all this new revelation, which was to him the sweetest balm that his vanity had ever received.

In justice to him it must be said that, however much reason may have influenced him in making his decision, or self interest have assisted that decision to its culminating point, as each day passed away his betrothed took more complete possession of his heart, until he was as much in love as her most exacting moods could have demanded.

"Fate has done better for Colonel Potten than he would have done for himself," said Mr. Lee one day to Agatha.

"In what respect?" she asked.

"I fancy he once thought that he would like to marry my cold-hearted daughter; and I think Miss Lennox much better adapted to making a mortal happy than one who lives in the clouds and will never stoop to any being short of a demi god. I know a man who has an honest, sincere love for you; whom, as you must marry some day, my daughter, it would make me very happy to see you united to, but I have not dared to give him any encouragement further than to let him know that he has my consent to address you."

"Papa, how could you?" said Agatha, you must not think of such a thing. It is out of the question; and the sooner that he understands that it is so, the better it will be for all of us. I do not wish to lose him as a friend, it is true; but to retain him at the price of having him for a lover is quite impossible. That would be terrible."

"I do not see anything so very terrible in it. On the contrary, I have already told him that he has my best wishes for his success."

"How can you be so cruel? And I think it very unkind in Mr. Davenport to enlist you in his behalf. But it will do no good, for I will never marry."

"You may be quite sure that I shall permit you to make your own choice; but if you ask your Aunt Hester's advice, she will tell you that a life of single blessedness is a lonely life."

"And I am sure Aunt Hester would tell me that loneliness is better to bear than married life where love is wanting on either side."

"Mr. Davenport has enough to make any reasonable woman happy; he really is very fond of you, and he will have some day a position in England that I should be proud to see you share. Do nothing in haste, my child. I feel quite sure that he is a man whom you could learn to love."

"I have never believed in learning to love," replied Agatha. "It pains me to go contrary to your wishes in anything; but now that I know what Mr. Davenport's wishes are, I must make haste to show him that friendship is all that I have, or ever will have, to give him."

The same evening, Aunt Hester opened the subject, and Agatha listened to all that her aunt had to say, and she had a great deal; waxing eloquent concerning Mr. Davenport's personal attractions, as well as the advantages that would accrue to her from such an alliance. After her aunt had finished, Agatha said:

"'And Satan took Him up into a mountain, and said, All these things shall be thine, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

"Is it kind, Agatha, when your father and I have only your happiness and interest at heart, to take such a view of our motives? I feel sure that you would be a far happier woman as Mr. Davenport's wife than you will be if you persist in your resolution never to marry. You do not know the weary length of the road that lies before you when you assert such a determination. If Mr. Davenport were an unlovable man, I would never urge you to marry him as I do now."

"If he were ever so lovable, and had not a magnificent home to give me, do you think that you and my father would be as anxious that I should accept him? Why, Aunt Hester, how can papa, first of all, how can you, try to tempt me to give myself, soul and body, into the keeping of a man for whom I have not the love that makes marriage the holy covenant which it is, when two are united who are all the world to each other? I am not devoid of ambition, and it is possible that at one time in my life I might have been dazzled by all that Mr. Davenport has to offer me, that I might have beguiled myself into thinking the regard that I feel for him might grow into an affection sufficiently strong to secure happiness to both of us in marriage, but I know better now. My whole heart is given to another, to whom I hope to belong in another world, though never in this."

"Nonsense. Don't talk in that way. There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in another world; and although when one is lifted up from earth by that exaltation which strong feeling gives to the soul, one may talk of such impossibilities—it all ends in talk. If you are so unfortunate as to feel such sentiments for one who is already married, the best thing you can do is to dispossess yourself of them as speedily as possible by entering into such duties and relations as will enable you to overcome an affection which can only be a constant source of misery and danger to you throughout your life. I am firmly convinced that were you to marry Mr. Davenport the time will come when you will be thankful that you did not sacrifice his happiness and your own to a passing passion, the indulgence of which would have been a sin."

"Listen to me, Aunt Hester; this is all sophistry. I know that it is, and you know it, as well as I do. I have only had half-confidences with you, but now I will tell you more than I have as yet told you. It is no longer a sin for me to love the man whom I do love. His wife is dead; and although I have refused to marry him, I consider myself as much belonging to him as if we were married."

Aunt Hester sat for a few moments as if spellbound. At last she said:

"If the man is free to marry, why do you refuse to marry him?"

"It is the penance I have inflicted on myself for having loved him when he had a wife. So only could I relieve myself from the intense humiliation that followed my knowledge of the nature of our affection for each other."

"Nonsense; marry the man, and you will have penances enough without going so far out of your way to encounter them. You have no right to trifle with his happiness, and your own. Who is the man?"

"I have no objections to telling you now, Aunt Hester; but you must keep my secret as faithfully as you have kept your own. You must not even talk to me about him, for everything in connection with him is still so fresh that it is like touching an open wound."

"Who is the man?" asked Aunt Hester, again.

"Carroll Tracey."

"Merciful God! Is it possible that you did not know that he is dead?"

"Dead!" echoed Agatha, and her face grew so white and rigid that it looked like a face of stone. "Dead! I do not believe it;" but as Aunt Hester noticed her stony rigidity, her marble whiteness, she knew that a conviction of the truth had seized hold of Agatha's heart with an iron grasp.

CHAPTER VI.

AGATHA LEARNS THAT TO DO JUSTLY, TO LOVE MERCY, AND TO WALK HUMBLY BEFORE GOD, IS IN HIS SIGHT MORE THAN ALL PENANCES, OR SACRIFICES, OR OBLATIONS.

No novelist would dare to write half the things they know have happened—the coincidences are too marvellous, the fates too bizarre, the anomalies too glaring, the skein of circumstances too entangled in real life for novelists to dare to paint all that they see or know. —*Ouida.*

How terrible to Agatha was the night that followed! Not a doubt was left upon her mind, for Aunt Hester knew that certainty was less cruel than suspense; and looking up the journal that had announced his death, and which spoke of his loss to the literary world, she gave it to her to read before they separated for the night.

All that night the rain fell, dripping, dripping, with a dreary monotonous plash on the cold flagstones, and the gaunt branches of the olive trees swayed and moaned in the rising wind; the sea dashed against the rocky coast, and vaporous shadows flitted over its broad expanse. All night Agatha sat by her chamber window—so benumbed, almost frozen with grief, as it were, that not one tear came to her relief. Her heart ached with a dull heavy pain, now and then breaking into an anguished throb. Morning came, and with the first rays of light she threw herself upon her bed, burying her face in her pillow, moaning as if her heart would break. It seemed as though the sun ought to go out in darkness, now that he was gone from earth. Wearied and worn out by her night of anguish, she slept at last; and in her sleep she seemed to be floating in immensity, in Carroll Tracey's arms, nothing visible but the blue vault of heaven, sprinkled with golden stars, and his face bent lovingly over her. "Where are we, Carroll?" she asked. "This is eternity, my darling," he answered; and they floated onwards, ever approaching nearer to the holy lamps that were flashing above them. How long she slept she did not know; but at last she awakened, and almost before she had had time to recall the agony she had lived through, her eyes fell upon a letter that her maid, entering noiselessly, had left on the bed beside her. She took it up. It was Carroll's seal! Carroll's handwriting! There was a sound in her ears as of rushing waters, and the bed on which she lay seemed revolving like a wheel in the intensity of her emotions. As she held it pressed convulsively to her heart, she exclaimed, "Oh! Carroll, Carroll, how cruel I have been to you! how cruel I have been to myself! Would to God I had given myself to you as you wished; and now it is too late—*for ever, too late.*" She broke the seal at last, tears streaming down her cheeks; and as she opened the sheet a scrap of newspaper fell out. She picked it up; it was the same piece her Aunt Hester had given her to read. What could it mean? Her eager eyes swept the page; but before she had read all, with a cry of joy she exclaimed, "It is not too late. I am yours, Carroll, for time as well as for eternity."

Mrs. Tracey's death had given rise to the report, and occasioned the paragraph that had gone the rounds of the New York papers, some eager journalist having inserted it upon hearsay; and Mr. Tracey, wishing to spare Agatha all pain, had written to her as soon as he had seen the journal that contained the intelligence. The letter, written in America, had been delayed in its transmission by being forwarded from one place to another, or it would have reached her and saved her that time of dreadful suffering. But that night had accomplished what, with her fixedness of purpose, might never otherwise have been attained. It had brought her to realise the folly of the course which she had contemplated, as well as that to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God, is in his sight more than all penances, or sacrifices, or oblations.

Agatha read again and again the long impassioned letter, filled with words of tender unwavering trust in her, despite all the rumors that had reached him of her betrothal; and before the day ended she had written in reply, telling him that, in seeking after more exalted duties, she had lost sight of those that lay nearest to her; and how one night of stormy suffering had swept away the clouds that obscured her moral vision, and all had been made as clear to her as was the brilliant morning light that followed the dark hours in which her watch of agony had been kept.

"You ask me when you may come to me," she wrote. "When another year comes around, I shall hope to see you. I have been reading "Callista," a story of the third century, supposed to have been written by Cardinal Wiseman, and I must copy a few lines for you, which seemed, as I read them, to have come from your pen, so exactly do they embody ideas that you have expressed to me. But first, let me tell you, I have renounced my faith in Platonic affection. I no longer approve of the indulgence of any affinities, excepting between those who are married or about to marry. It is dreadful for me to recant, but the voice within that demands it will not be stifled. These are the words of Agellius speaking to Callista: 'There is between you and me so strange a unity of thought that I should have deemed it quite impossible before I found it actually to exist, between any two persons whatever, and which to me is inexplicable. There is an unaccountable correspondence in the views we take of things, in our impressions, in the line in which our minds move, and the issues to which they come, in our judgment of what is great and little, and the manner in which objects affect our feelings. When I speak to others, they do not understand me, nor I them; and I am solitary, however much they talk. But to my astonishment I find between you and me one language. Is it wonderful that I should fancy that He who has made us alike, has made us for each other?' I too feel that *we* were made for each other, and I no longer deny myself the sweet hope of one day being your wife. Your long silence perplexed me not a little; then came that precious sonnet of Mrs. Browning's in your handwriting, followed by a few dear lines of your own; and now, this letter which shows me that you were right. We cannot write letters such as an ordinary friendship would sanction; we must be all or nothing to each other. I detect in your letter traces of the wound which I inflicted in giving you no notice of our intended departure for Europe; but in all that has since occurred we cannot be sufficiently thankful that you did not remain upon this side, as you might have done had you known that I was coming abroad. No, everything has happened for the best. Now we must wait and trust the hand that has led us so far, in order to bring our separate paths into one path. I will write as often as you wish. The year will pass swiftly, and when the time of our separation ends, our duties to each other and to the dead will have been so fulfilled that no one can say we have been wanting in proper respect for either."

Agatha closed her letter, sealed it, and walked with it to the post. On her way she was joined by Mr. Davenport, who professed great curiosity concerning the letter. A way of escape from the pain of refusing him dawned upon her mind.

"Will you answer me one question concerning that letter?" he said.

"I have not the slightest objection to answering any that you may ask about the person to whom it is addressed, always provided that you will consider my answers confidential," replied Agatha, suppressing, as well as she could, the agitation which this bold avowal caused her, and holding the letter so that he could read the superscription.

"Carroll Tracey!" he exclaimed. "The very man I was warned against as possessing your heart. Is it possible that you have been corresponding with him all this time?"

"My letters heretofore have only been friendly ones; but I intend to write very often now, as I have promised in this letter that some day I will be his wife," she replied, summoning all her moral courage to her aid, and feeling how agreeable it would be if she could retain Mr. Davenport as her friend by giving him her confidence. "But who could have warned you against him, pray?"

"It was as long ago as the Assembly ball, when you were in Philadelphia," he answered, making brave efforts to keep from showing the chagrin that he felt. "I was foolish enough to get very angry with my informant. It was one of the few occasions in my life when my temper got the better of me, and for this reason I remember it."

Mr. Davenport said but little during the remainder of his walk, and upon their return to the hotel he informed Mr. Lee that business of an imperative nature enforced his immediate return to England.

"Agatha, you have had something to do with Mr. Davenport's hurried departure," said Mr. Lee, the next morning after he had taken leave of them.

"Then he is a very ungrateful man, for I have given him such a proof of my regard for his friendship as I never gave to anyone before. In order to save him the pain of refusing the offer of marriage which you told me he would make, I informed him yesterday that I was engaged to be married."

"Engaged to be married!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, with pretty much the same tone of voice and startled look in which he would have said, "engaged to be murdered."

"Yes," answered Agatha. "I am engaged at last; but for a year at least it is to be kept a profound secret. No one but you, Aunt Hester, and Mr. Davenport, are to know of it beside ourselves."

"And will you have the kindness to inform me who 'ourselves' includes? I have not the slightest idea who the personage can be, who has not thought me of sufficient account to consult in the matter; and who has so suddenly made you forget your resolution *never* to marry."

"Papa, he would have consulted you, but I told him at first that I never would marry him, because—because——well, it was not because I did not love him enough; but there were various reasons, the most weighty of which was that he had a wife from whom he was di——"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, pitching his voice in its highest key. "Are you going to marry a Mormon? Who, in the name of heaven, is the man?"

"Carroll Tracey, papa; he will write and ask your consent, and you must not refuse it, for he is the best and noblest man I have ever known—the only one whom I ever could marry."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Under the title of "New Greece," Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of New York, will shortly issue a volume by Mr. Lewis Sargeant, which will comprise a survey of the actual condition of that country at the present day, and its history during the past few years. The work will be illustrated by two maps.

"Sonia," a Russian story, by Henry Greville, translated from the French by Mary Neal Sherwood, comes to us from T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city. Sonia is a poor little Russian slave girl (a serf of course), kicked about and abused by the brutal aristocrats whom she served, until a young tutor, Boris Ivanavitch by name, who had come to give lessons at the chateau of General Goraline, to Lydie and Eugene, took her under his protection. The great value of the work consists in the delicacy and originality with which the really beautiful character of the girl, Sonia, is developed. One volume; paper cover; price 50 cents.

Mr. J. A. McGee, of New York, sends us "From Killaney to New York, or How Thade Became a Banker," by Sister Mary Francis Clare, (the Nun of Kildare,) a story of real life. The story is well written and well printed. 105 pages; bound in fine gilt cloth.

MAGAZINES.

The Samaritan and Organ of the Medico Legal Society, a monthly magazine devoted to the preservation of health, mental and physical culture, published by A. N. Bell, M. D., New York, is a most excellent periodical, and is published at the low rate of $3 a year in advance, or 30 cents per hundred.

The Popular Science Monthly Supplement for September contains a wealth of thought. A negro, the Rev. Ed. W. Blyden, writes on "Africa and the Africans;" Prof. Bocta comes out in a new hypothesis concerning a "New Crater in the Moon;" Mr. Robert Lawson has an effective tract on "Alcoholic Brain Disorders;" there is a splendid paper by W. G. Palgrave on "Malay Life in the Philippines;" Prof. Grant Allen writes learnedly of "Hellas and Civilization;" "The Results of the English Arctic Expedition of 1875-6" are learnedly told; there is an essay on "Primitive Property and Modern Socialism," and other articles of great merit. A very fine number this.

The Philadelphia Druggist and Chemist for September is a good number. It is edited by C. C. Vanderbeck, M. D., Ph. D., at Allentown, N. J., and numbers among its contributors some of the best of pharmacists. Subscription price only $1 a year, in advance.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Be respectful to all men, that you may command respect.

Destroy not your health by drinking the healths of others.

We ought to aim at pleasures that follow labor, not precede it.

The greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less.

Few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

A thousand things are well forgot, for peace and quietness' sake.

A royal soul may belong to a beggar, and a beggarly one to a king.

Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of usefulness.

Trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, mystery is not profoundness.

Friends are the thermometers by which we may judge the temperature of our fortunes.

Every heart is created with a handful of seeds in it, and it may become a garden of flowers.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or your enemy as yourself.

The memory of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our acts—goes before or comes after.

Time is what we want most, but use worst, and for which we must account when time is no more.

There are many doublings in the human heart; don't think you can find out a man's character at once.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 14, 1878.

Contents of this Number.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN. Chapters I., II.
SYLVIA: or, The Forsley Pride—Chapters III., IV.
MABEL'S VICTORY, or, The Cost of a Will. Chapter VII., VIII.
ON DANGEROUS GROUND, by Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore. Part 3, Chapters IV., V.
FACETIÆ: by P. H. Doyle.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
THE REVIEWER.
SHORT STORIES.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
EDITORIALS—SANCTUM CHAT—POETRY.
FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

"THE YELLOWSTONE" and "The White Mountains" still attract hosts of admirers and subscribers.

AN admirer of Goldsmith in New York has a mantel of tiles painted, illustrating "The Deserted Village."

THE season of snow storms, cold gales, cosy evening firesides, long nights, and happy domestic pleasures is close at hand.

THE first lady lawyer in Switzerland who has ever obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws, has just successfully passed her examination.

YELLOW FEVER is a poison of the blood, it appears, but physicians disagree as to whether it is the result of a germ, or whether it comes directly from the system itself.

THERE is an increased demand now for live papers like the Post, since the army of pleasure and health seekers are retreating homewards these fine days, and the prospects of good times ought to make everybody happy.

A *maquette*, according to the French, is a miniature model drawn to scale, which the scene painter prepares for submission to the manager and author, and to guide him in the execution of the full-sized painting. Since the organization of the Opera in Paris there has been gradually forming there a complete collection of the *maquettes* of the scenes of all operas produced there since 1804.

THE noble response of the North, East and West to the appeal of the fever-stricken South, is an historical and important event in the annals of our country. Self-sacrifice, self-denial, and true charity come to the surface from out the troubled waters of Greed-of-Self and Sectional Feeling, with a sublimity which has had no equal in the history of the world. Let us help our Southern brethern by all the means in our power!

SIR CHARLES REED, the chairman of the London School Board, has complimented our nation by asking that our educational exhibit at Paris be donated to the schools of the city of London. This exhibit has been awarded a grand diploma of honor, and has been a source of intense interest to all visitors to the Exposition who had the welfare of public education at heart. It is gratifying to know that we are not behind other nations in this regard.

THE prospects of an early and brisk Fall trade are decidedly good. A better feeling prevails everywhere. The crops are fine, and the foreign demand exceedingly active. The bankrupt act has sifted out most of the unsound business men, and the position of the National Treasury gives increased assurance. So with all hope and many prayers that the "good time" which is "coming," will come, we look forward to those delicious Autumn days which are to usher in the blest epoch, and the Winter days which are to give it fruition.

THE latest Enoch Arden is a Western man who was wrecked on the African coast nine years ago, and swam ashore to be captured by the savages. The king of the tribe took a fancy to him and carried him five hundred miles inland. After being with them some years and gaining their confidence, he was allowed to wander from the camp for a day at a time. After a while these hunting trips were lengthened to two days, and then to three, and one fine morning found him on a camel hurrying to Cape Town. The camel, having been driven day and night, dropped dead from exhaustion, and he had to finish the journey on foot. He set sail for San Francisco and finally arrived in his native village, St. Clairsville, Ohio. His wife had, of course, married a worthy citizen, and his meeting with her was embarrassing as a matter of course. But with a noble self-denial, which his long captivity may have made easy, he refused to break up the new home by claiming his legal rights to his wife and child.

HOSPITALITY.

The great benefit of hospitality, from receiving guests and becoming guests ourselves, is the interchange of customs, the softening of manners, the fresh beautifying of home, together with such other things as the love of our kind, and no little forgetfulness of self—the latter very especially, since, when we have guests, it is their comfort and content, and not our own, which is to be looked after in every respect; their's is to be the best chair, the best bed, the best room, the best seat in the carriage, the choicest morsel, the first considerations, and we are only the ones to accord it by a sacred privilege. The way, in fact, in which certain half-civilized people, as we hold them, put their houses and their treasures at the disposal of their guests, is but an exaggeration of our own positive duty: for we and our houses and all in them exist temporarily only for the guest and his uses; and all this is our joy, and in giving the pleasure we receive it back fourfold, if we have the spirit of hospitality within us.

But it is not from consideration of the pleasure we receive from it that hospitality is to be exercised. Whether we hold it to be so or not, it is a duty. What right has any man in this world, in this great brotherhood of humanity, to live entirely to himself? What right has any man to shut himself up in his castle, splendid or otherwise, and live a life of selfishness there? There are times and seasons, of course, when he can indulge his propensity to the top of his bent, but is he so much better than the rest of creation that there is no person good enough to be admitted there, and are there none who could give his house an added charm, his threshhold an added honor by entering there? And even if that should be so, by any remote or absurd impossibility, let us say, is there no missionary work for him to do in revealing to the best of the remaining race the marvels of his model home, that they may perchance simulate it, and some day rival this when he himself shall have reached a higher standard, and so leaven the homes of a generation? If heaven surely were administered on as inhospitable principles as many a rich man's house is, the chances of the greater part of humanity would be very small at the gates.

SANCTUM CHAT.

APROPOS of the present fall weather, it is proper to say, with Thoreau, that "Europeans coming to America are surprised by the brilliancy of our autumnal foliage." There is no account of such a phenomenon in English poetry, because the trees acquire but few bright colors there. The autumnal change of our woods has not made a deep impression on our own literature yet. October has hardly tinged our poetry.

THE term Elizabethan, as applied to furniture and architecture, has been used in relation to the form which the renaissance in art took in England, and it really applies to that which was begun some years before Queen Bess was born, and extended over some years after she died, only then receiving its full development. In the Elizabethan style the Gothic is never forgotten. Its vertical lines are always breaking through the horizontal of the invading classic. The renaissance of the Elizabethan came into England by way of the Low Countries.

"TRUTHS do not rest," says an inspired cotemporary, "for their support on human championship; they are God himself speaking to the minds, and hearts, and consciences of men. Generation after generation passes away, but revealed truth shines from age to age with ever brightening flame. Philosophers—many shallow, but some of them profound—follow one upon another, every one of them in turn dazzling men for a moment, and then departing in the long procession of dead creeds to a common grave. Christianity alone has the power of an endless life."

WE may say that the governing principle of the music of the last century is the depiction of the human voice, as that of Greek sculpture was the depiction of the human body; and the best definition of the opera of that period would be a series of pieces beautiful enough to display to the utmost a perfectly trained voice, guided by a cultivated and truly artistic mind—a definition which may at first seem limited, as does that of ancient sculpture, but perhaps, like it, embraces in reality the noblest capabilities of art, since it produces what is the aim of all true art, the purely beautiful.

IN almost every constellation of brilliant intellects are to be found lesser lights, men who in point of genius are not comparable to their great contemporaries, but whose title to rank with them is nevertheless unquestioned. Devoid of any ambitious pretensions that savor of rivalry, they excite no animosities, and their modest successes in the humbler fields to which they confine themselves are hailed with general satisfaction. With an affinity of tastes and culture which makes them acceptable as acquaintance, they write a readiness of helpful sympathy and some gracious spell of moral or spiritual attractiveness that makes them beloved as friends.

IN Paris the Cafe des Varieties, next door to the theatre of that name, is the resort of actors. One can see some of the famous players of the day at that place. But one may see more at the Cafe de la Regence, and as it is so near the Francais, those of the very best. Pilgrims of curiosity who want to learn how Coquelin drinks a cup of coffee in real life, must stop at this door. But the Regence has another class of celebrities on show—the chess-players. There are more actors to be seen at the Cafe de Suede, on the Boulevard Montmartre, among them Hyacinthe of the Nose, the Blawkenbergius of the stage, whose monstrous feature is as a lamp of fortune to the Palais Royal.

THE society for the prevention of cruelty to children is doing good work. This is a most commendable and worthy charity, and ought to be supported by all who are the least interested in the welfare of the "coming man," and the "survival of fittest." Every community can well afford to do away with its prisons and almshouses if it pays proper attention to the care and education of the young children who are in future to become its citizens. There is much cruelty practised upon the weak and ignorant which the society cannot reach, but it is to be hoped that the true practical spirit of philanthropy will succeed ere long in finding a method by which all the sick at heart and sore in spirit, whether young or old, may be comforted and relieved.

WHAT other consolation can a woman offer to her own heart when old age draws its dark and heavy veil around those she loves, but this: "It is a spirit; that sits here shaping wings to fly." The body that served that spirit so well, that secured to us in our ignorance was identified with it, must fail and fade. The bonds which united them must be dissolved or burst suddenly asunder. We cannot understand, we can but submit. We see those so noble and so dear brought low, and infinite pity mingles with our love. We say humbly and with self-abasement because our all of service and of devotion is so poor and weak, that those whom the Father of spirits has given us we have loved to the end. We have not wearied of them; our steps have not faltered nor our courage failed. We part from them with tears and a sorrow that would be endless if we could not say, 'I also am a spirit; I shall rejoin those I love.'"

GARDENING is an old art in England, and Mr. Ellacombe reviewing Shakspeare's plant lore and garden craft, says that the divine bard mentions in his plays six sorts of roses. The "canker" rose is the wild dog rose; the "red" rose and the "provincial" rose, which Hamlet wore on his "razed shoes," are the old cabbage rose; the "milk-white" rose of York is a double variety of the wild white rose. The damask rose is said to have been introduced into England by Linaker, who was physician to Henry VII. The musk rose, the blossoms of which decorated Bottom's "sleek, smooth head," was introduced somewhat later. Mr. Ellacombe further says that the name "carnation" is a corruption of coronation, a word derived from the use of carnation in garlands, *corona*, Gillyflower, the best known of the old English names for carnation, comes from the Latin name *caryophillus*, which is itself transferred from the Indian clove tree, from the clove-like scent of the carnation.

THE advance of positive science up to the present time is mainly due to the collection, analysis, and decipherment of facts. The attention of students was formerly directed to what it was assumed must be; certain postulates were laid down, and on them the blank skeleton of science was supposed to rest. Anything that fell without this arbitrary scheme was summarily rejected. It is almost a matter of wonder how, under such a system, the human mind could have advanced to the point of questioning the verity of the system itself. That once done, the whole artificial structure collapsed. Ceasing to study what must be, men began to observe what is. By the rise of one of those great waves of thought, which have so often surged over the intellectual world, facts long unknown, obscure, or misunderstood, came almost simultaneously into view in nearly every portion of the field of human survey. Physical law became unveiled in its majestic simplicity. The acquisition of power over nature followed or accompanied the acquisition of knowledge of her laws.

ONE of the greatest attractions to the visitor in Scotland is Holyrood Palace where the loveliest woman of her age spent the most eventful years of her checkered and unhappy life. The picture gallery, the rooms of Lord Darnley, and Queen Mary's apartments are interesting. Here is the Queen's bed, the moth-eaten and decayed hangings of which are of crimson damask, with green silk fringe and tassels. On the north side of the room is a small door which opens upon the private staircase by which the assassins of Rizzio ascended to the royal apartments, and close to this door is the entrance to the supper-room, or rather a closet, where, on the night of the 9th of March, 1566, the unfortunate Rizzio was dragged from behind the person of the Queen, to whose garments he had clung for protection, and after being dragged through the bedroom and antechamber, and during which he received nearly fifty wounds, he was finally despatched at the head of the staircase. Some dark stains, said to have been made by the blood of the ill-starred Italian, are pointed out behind the door at the head of the stairs. Chapel Royal, connected with the palace, is the next point of interest. It has been burned and sacked and rebuilt, but is now a magnificent ruin, and must in its day have been a most elegant structure.

THE number of prizes awarded to American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition ought to make us feel proud as a young nation. In fact we have really no competition in the matter of fine and ingenious machinery, and this is the one great point in which we have excelled all other nations.

HOME POLITENESS.

BY R. K. ENGLE.

The press teems with books on etiquette. We have manners for the ball room, for the street, for the public dinner table. Shall we have no manners at home? We put on our best face in society, and keep the frowns, and ill humor, all the unsuppressed ill nature, for the delectation of the best beloved of the household. Is this well? Is it wise, in consideration of others, and our own comfort? Is it just to those who serve us for the wages of love?

Men return home from the store and the counting-house, and at once throw aside all their business suavity and become grumbling bears. Not a word of kindness to the patient, care laden wife; not a caress for the children, awed into silence before the awful frown upon the father's face. And where there is no actual outbreak of temper, no harsh word spoken, how often is the complete disregard of others' comfort, the utter forgetfulness of others' rights, allowed to usurp the place of happy household mirth, the interchange of thought, the expression of the love that abides within?

For a man may love his wife and children fondly, yet—laboring under a mistaken notion of dignity—never express the affection he feels, thus leaving his nearest and dearest ones to infer from his manner that he does not care two figs for them all. Only some great emergency can call forth the words of affection, which, evenly distributed among the days and weeks, would gladden and inspire every member of the family. It takes a dangerous illness or a serious accident, to compel the utterance of what lies deep in some men's hearts. Sometimes the husband will enthusiastically praise his wife, while she is heart-starved at home for a word of commendation. He will speak in loud praise of the children he never encourages by such appreciation in their hearing. He thinks there is no better wife than his own, but he never tells her so; he leaves her to guess at his constant affection, but he so smothers every evidence of it in the mantle of lordly indifference, that she, poor soul! fears it has long since died out.

The many beautiful words of endearment and affection in the language were designed for use. And they can find their place without incurring the suspicion of a sickly sentimentalism. The very beast of burden works more cheerfully beneath the encouragement of kind words and a gentle touch.

You "have no time to fool away talking nonsense to your wife or petting the children?" But you find time to make yourself as disagreeable as possible, in faultfinding petulance, the bestowal of sour looks, the keeping of sullen silence, or the utterance of words that wound. You find time to read your books and papers all to yourself, and add to your overweening selfishness that dog-in-the-manger disposition that cannot bear another's enjoyment: not a sound must interrupt your reading—no one must lift a hand or stir a foot while you are taking comfort.

But let a stranger enter—presto, change! smiles illuminate the placid countenance; the voice is modulated to the extreme of courtesy; your best manners are on the alert; your words are fitly chosen—no slang, no sneers, no reckless disregard of politeness; for the time, you are indeed a gentleman.

And is it any better with the fairer sex? Are they always the smiling, sweet tempered angels we behold them at the crowded party? Is their home attire as faultless in its place as their dress is invariably elegant in public? That superb blonde, who wins so many hearts by the witchery of her smile, the grace of her manner—how does she treat her mother? With true filial tenderness and care? Or does she sit at the piano while the "old woman" bends over her fine laces, or does the lady daughter's choice embroidery? That fascinating brunette, who sings like a second Swedish nightingale—does she speak in musical accents of affection to her little brothers and sisters? Will her soft hand condescend to some willing labor of love? How long does she keep a morning caller waiting before her toilette is completed? These are important questions, that all young men contemplating matrimony should consider upon. The belle of the party, all radiant with smiles, and famed for her elegance of deportment, at home may be a sour-faced vixen, and a sloven to boot.

Who is nearer than the mother, who has guided the tottering steps of infancy, and led onward the hearts that rested upon her? Who is more worthy of polite attention than she who has given and done so much? Here should be the highest consideration, the most profound respect; if we must be guilty of rudeness, coldness and indifference, let it be toward strangers—never to her who is the heart of home. And a far greater degree of respect than is shown to any public dignitary, should be offered to the father, head of the blessed household realm.

It is an exceedingly beautiful trait in the Old World homes, that affection, consideration and the careful observance of a true politeness mark the family life. It would be well for us to imitate these customs, in place of some of the senseless fashions we import. Why not greet the members of the household with the cordial salutations we give to our chance acquaintances? Why not manifest the same tender concern for the health and welfare of the inmates of our home? Why flatter others in the choicest terms, and never say one word of praise to those who serve us so faithfully? Why keep no stock of sympathy, good humor and encouragement for home use? Is that home indeed only a place to bolt your food in, to eat and drink and sleep in; and then, by way of compensation for its comforts, to grumble and be as perverse in as you please?

Some time, perhaps, that now neglected place may become a hallowed memory, and you, tempest tossed on the seas of life, may sigh in vain for its haven of peaceful rest. No stranger hands will ever have so gentle a touch as the dear mother's; no voices will ever be so true as the home voices that gave speech to the feelings of the heart. And if you would not have remorse mingle with the sainted memories of the household band, requite their love with a responsive affection, be kind and considerate, be polite at home, while its restful shelter waits you, and its beloved dwell with you.

Teach the young the needful lessons of self-denial and self-control, and you will send out into the world men calculated to become benefactors of the race, and women whose aims are pure and lofty, worthy to mate with heroes and to become the mothers of great men.

Live in the sunshine at home, although clouds of perplexity environ you in the business marts. Bring smiles into the realm where so much heart service is expended for your comfort. Be a welcome presence to the smallest child, even to the very house dog, to pass upon the rug. A beneficent and loving spirit diffuses its influence from the highest to the lowest. Enter the home as you would some pleasant, safe retreat, where love and peace await you, leaving behind all that annoys and worries and disturbs you outside. As before marriage you always revealed your better self alone to the eyes of the beloved, so continue to be that higher self throughout.

And you, my sisters, when the rose has paled upon your cheeks, and all of the "purple light of youth" has fled, you will still be beautiful and revered if you maintain the patience, sweetness and loving fortitude that are so eminently yours. You will grow into a loveliness time cannot rob you of, if you overcome the sallies of ill temper, the outbreaks of petulance, all the adverse trials that disfigure even the most beautiful face, and mar its happiness. Cultivate the sweet amenities of home; be as gentle, urbane, forbearing and considerate to the dear ones linked to you by kindred ties, as you are to the distinguished ones you meet abroad. No honor is too great to be shown the father who has toiled for you; no token of respect can compromise your dignity when given to the mother whose self-sacrificing love exceeds all other. If you would be the true prince of the blood, or, what is far better, the real gentleman, be courteous at home. If you would attain to a noble womanhood, be a loving, dutiful daughter; make the home realm the abiding place of joy and peace, in which the world weary and the sorely tried may indeed find rest.

The Wandering Jew.

There are probably persons in every country, although no complete nation or sect, who still believe in the Wandering Jew, the Undying One who wanders century after century over the earth's surface, yearning for death that never comes.

Rich collections of manuscripts have been carefully examined by competent men, to ascertain the most distant date to which this legend or myth can be traced. The oldest document at present known on the subject was written about six hundred and fifty years ago, in the reign of Henry III. It says that one day the Patriarch or Archbishop of Armenia arrived at St. Alban's Abbey with a small retinue, including an interpreter who could make the Patriarch and the abbot intelligible to each other. He had visited most of the celebrated shrines and holy places in England, and had now come to see the shrine of St. Alban. Hospitably entertained for many days, the Patriarch held much conversation with the abbot and the monks. He was asked, among other things, whether he had seen or heard aught of Joseph, a mysterious being who was reputed to have lived ever since the early days of Christianity. The Patriarch replied that he had not only heard of this Undying One, but had been visited by him in Armenia. The story told by the Wanderer was a solemn one. On the day of the Crucifixion, Castaphilus, a porter in Pontius Pilate's house, struck Jesus on the back with his hand, and bade him mockingly to move on more quickly. A severe but mysterious reproof was administered to him in reply: "I am going, and you will wait till my return." Castaphilus lived on century after century, apparently no older than at first. He became a holy and religious man, narrating to bishops and divines events that he had witnessed in the apostolic days. He was always serious, accepted nothing but food and raiment from his entertainers, and looked out for the Last Day.

Search appears to have been made in vain for any mention of the Wanderer during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but quite early in the sixteenth we hear of a Wandering Jew who assisted a weaver to discover in Bohemia a treasure which an ancestor of the weaver was reported to have hidden. The Jew is described as appearing like a man 70 years of age.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Wandering Jew cropped up in Germany. It is narrated that at a church there a tall barefoot pilgrim was seen, with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing opposite to the pulpit, listening intently to the sermon, sorrowfully and sighing, and often smiting his breast. A rumor spread that he was the same mysterious person that had recently been seen in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Spain, Poland, Muscovy, Lapland, Sweden, Denmark, and Scotland. He was sought out and asked many questions. The Stranger replied that he was a Jew, Ahasuerus by name, a shoemaker at Jerusalem; that he had been present at the Crucifixion; that he had lived ever since, traveling in various parts of the world. Questioned further, he declared that he had regarded Jesus as a deceiver and a heretic, whom he helped to bring to justice; that Jesus, upon passing to the place of crucifixion, stood a moment to rest at the shoemaker's door; borne down by the weight of the cross; that the reproof came to him, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go to the Last Day;" that after witnessing the crucifixion, he was struck with a foreboding that he would never see his home again, but would wander from country to country as a mournful pilgrim. Returning to Jerusalem many ages afterward, he found its buildings razed to the ground, insomuch that he could recognize none of the localities again, and he regarded this as a judgment on him for his misconduct. To test him, he was questioned on historical events which had occurred in Europe during fifteen centuries, and gave satisfactory answers. He was abstemious and humble, silent until questioned, and never tarried long in one place. He spoke the languages of all the countries he visited.

France was not likely to be without something to say concerning this inexplicable being. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, annalists and chroniclers often made mention of him.

Stories of his appearance in England within the last three centuries are also not uncommon, but are evidently fanciful or the result of crazy imposture. For example: In or near the reign of Queen Anne, a man made his appearance who claimed to be the Wandering Jew; he was laughed at as an impostor by the educated, but listened to attentively by the ignorant. His story was that he had been an officer of the Sanhedrim, and that he had struck Jesus as he left the judgment hall of Pilate. We are asked to believe that learned collegians at Oxford and Cambridge tried to detect him as an impostor, but failed.

Those who know anything of the opera of Der Freischutz are aware that its plot depends in part on the German legend of the Wild Huntsman. This legend, it appears, has in some instances been mixed up with the story of the Wandering Jew, insomuch that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. In the Harts Mountains—a region well suited for the birth of superhuman or preterhuman myths—the Wild Huntsman is believed by some of the peasantry to be the veritable Wanderer himself, but with a little change of attendant incidents. He is a Jew who, eighteen centuries and more ago, refused to suffer Jesus to drink out of a river or out of a horse trough, but contemptuously pointed out to him the hoof-print of a horse, in which a little water had collected, and bade him quench his thirst there.

Instead of the Wild Huntsman, other legends and beliefs have come to be mixed up with that of the Wandering Jew. There are parts of France in which the sudden roar of a gale at sea is attributed to the Wanderer passing by there. In some countries he has been regarded as a kind of impersonation of Jews generally. One version of the story associates him with the servant whose ear Peter cut off; while another considers him rather as the impenitent thief. The Gipseys are brought in by one theory, which propounds that the onward-moving stranger belongs to that community, and that he is doomed to undying life because he refused to shelter the Virgin and Child during the flight from Egypt.

The biblical record of the period anterior to the flood, when human life is set down at a duration of eight or nine hundred years, seems to have had something to do with many of the legends relating to the Wandering Jew. True, there are inconsistencies in time, place, person and circumstances in such legends; but this is what may reasonably be expected.

That there are audacious impostors, who have assumed the character of this mysterious being for purposes of their own, is unquestionable. We have mentioned one example as having occurred in England in the time of Queen Anne, and as eminent writer in Brand's Popular Antiquities mentions another of much more recent date: "I remember having seen one of these impostors some years ago in the north of England, who presented a very hermit like appearance, and went up and down the streets with a long train of boys at his heels, muttering, 'Poor John alone, alone; poor John alone!' I thought he pronounced his name in a manner singularly plaintive." Another authority thought the name sounded more like "Poor Joe alone!" and still another, "Poor Jew alone!"

Whatever the origin of the legend, it is certain there is not a Christian country of the world where it is not to a greater or less extent believed by many of the people.

Something About Elephants.

A well informed correspondent writing from Rangoon, India, says: The elephants I go daily to see are beauties, fine, powerful, well trained animals. It is both interesting and amusing to watch them working the timber. The government have nine elephants employed at the depot here, and there are other animals belonging to natives at work there also. Often take my seat on a teak log, light a cheroot, and watch the performance. Elephants are pretty much like men; I don't mean in personal appearance, but in character. I can pick out "characters I have met" quite easily among the group of sixteen or eighteen all working there together sometimes. There are willing workers and there are skulkers, there are gentle tempers, and there are others as hard as can be. Some of them will drag a log two tons in weight without a groan; while others, equally powerful but less willing, will make a dreadful fuss over a stick that is, comparatively, nothing.

There are a good many female elephants employed. Some belong to the government, but most of them are owned by natives, who bring them in from the jungle when work is obtainable. They are not so powerful as the males, and the want of tusks is rather against them, because they have to do the pushing part of the work with their trunks. These they roll up in a coil, and just at the place where the trunk and the head unite, they press against the log and roll it over.

I think the females do a little flirting sometimes when they see a handsome stately tusker working near them. A little one came in from the jungle the other day, and was working away with admirable diligence near the place where my largest elephant was engaged dragging logs. He is really a noble looking animal, with immense tusks that almost touch the ground when his head is in repose. There is too a dignified air about all his movements which must be very captivating with the other sex. Sometimes the two passed very near each other, and I noticed when this happened that the little lady from the jungle gave utterance to certain peculiar sounds. The only good imitation of them that I can think of at the moment is that strange medley of incoherences which a syren is sometimes made to produce when beginners get up steam. At first I thought they were the promptings of fear, but an elephant under these circumstances generally becomes impatient with the driver, thumps its trunk upon the ground, and trumpets. It was simply a little flirtation, a tender long-drawn-out elephantine kiss thrown at my noble friend.

The highly trained male elephants with tusks manage the pushing part of their work very skilfully. The trunk is used as a pad or buffer between the ivory and the wood, and the pushing is done steadily. An average log here weighs about a ton and a half. When it has to be pushed into the river, the elephant feels the end of it with his trunk, and having ascertained where he can place his tusks with the most advantage, he adjusts the buffer and starts off pushing the log before him steadily. Should it happen to be an extra heavy one, he stops occasionally to take breath; and as it slides down the muddy bank towards the water, he gives it a finishing slap, as if to say, "There, you're afloat at last!" Sometimes the logs are awkwardly jammed up together, so that the ends have to be raised in order to get the dragging chains fastened. This he does by putting his tusks underneath, and passing his trunk over the log to keep it steady, lifts it to the required height. When it is a very heavy lift, he will go down on his knees to get a better purchase. He stacks the timber most skilfully also by lifting the end of the log as much as nine or ten feet in this manner, places it on the top of the pile, then goes to the other end and pushes it forward till he gets it quite flush with the rest. In all this, of course he is directed by his rider, who uses certain words which the elephant has been accustomed to hear, and signs, the meaning of which he knows perfectly. A push of the foot behind the right or left ear makes him answer the rider's wish as a boat answers the rudder, and a nudge behind the neck means "Straight ahead."

A highly trained elephant, however, will work among timber by verbal directions as intelligently almost as a shepherd dog will among sheep. The finest and best trained animals are reserved for employment in the sawmills, where they work among the machinery with sagacity and precision. Strangers have sometimes been so much impressed with their admirable qualities in this respect that they have carried away slightly exaggerated impressions on the subject. One case I remember, in which a spectator was so profoundly overcome by the careful manner in which he saw the elephant laying planks and slabs on the traveling benches to be cut, that he gravely reported the circumstance in a newspaper, remarking that the animal shut one eye when it looked along the bench, to make sure that the timber was laid on for the saw accurately!

Some male elephants have no tusks. These are called "hines" by the natives. The most powerful animal I ever had was one of them. He was very tall, and in strength a perfect Samson among elephants. An incident in his history is worth relating here, as I am on the subject. In the month of January male elephants sometimes give trouble. Samson had fallen into a capricious mood, under the influence of a little siren belonging to the herd, and in a fit of jealousy he frightened all the others so thoroughly one night that they broke their fetters and made a bolt out of the timber yard, with Samson in pursuit. One unfortunate member who was on the sick list at the time, and had an impediment in his walk, was rolled over and trampled on several times, and was never fit for anything but the hospital afterward. The others took to the jungle, and it cost some money to recover them. Samson remained in possession of the timber yard for three whole days, no living thing daring to venture near him.

I have watched a fowl that had thoughtlessly gone to scratch for its morning meal on the accustomed spot in the rear of the elephant shed, run for its bare life, with Samson after it at full speed, trunk and tail extended! Crowds of people used to gather daily, most of them at a highly respectful distance, however, to watch the giant keeping the world at bay. Sometimes an adventurous native, out of pure mischief, would approach within thirty yards or so of him, spear in hand, when Samson would thump his trunk upon the ground and rush at the intruder, who soon disappeared under the nearest verandah. The poor animal was helpless against such tactics. They were to him what the deprivation of sight was to his prototype; but the desire for revenge was there still, and he tried his strength upon the posts of the building, attempting to push them down. When he had failed in this, he deliberately set about unroofing it with his trunk, whereupon his tormentor pricked his legs from underneath the house with a spear, and made him desist. After carrying on this game till he got tired, he walked off with his companion one night to the jungle, and selected a spot for his future residence close to a mud pool.

For some days he made great mischief in the gardens about, and beat off ignominiously a party of ten elephants and drivers sent to recapture him. At last he surrendered at the mere call of a boy whom he had known from infancy, a son of his former owner.

THE MISSING SHIP.

Right gallantly, that morning hour,
From harbor she sailed forth;
Five hundred sunny hearts on board,
A thousand bales of worth—

A little kingdom on the sea,
A little heaven of hopes,
And whistled merrily the winds,
And seamen at the ropes.

Oh, what a picture gallery
Was in those wooden walls!
Each man was painting out his dream
Of woods and waterfalls;

Of cornfields bowing to the sun;
Of kine on sweet greensward;
These were to be, across the sea,
And he of all the lord!

No wonder 'twas, though hard to part
From all beloved of yore,
That such a shout rang from the ship,
And such a shout from shore!

. . . . . .

They went. They're gone from mortal ken,
God only knoweth where;
Full many a fathom deep, perchance,
Each with his dream so fair.

Not one shall ever come to tell
Of how and when they died;
If thirsting in a burning calm,
Or whelmed beneath the tide;

If storm, or rock, or horrid fire
The fatal havoc made;
If some went mad, if some blasphemed,
If some embraced and prayed.

'Tis many a day since died our hopes,
Long since they left our coast;
God pity them as we do! Then
None should be mourned as lost.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER III.

I was eighteen years of age, and dressed for my first ball. Jessie had left me, and I stood alone before the glass, looking intently at my own reflection. My white dress was beautiful in texture and fit—all my equipments were perfect of their kind, and becoming to the slight tall figure they adorned; but I was absorbed in a question which had presented itself to me for the first time—whether I was beautiful or not.

Compared with other girls, I certainly was not. The creamy skin wanted color; it was absolutely tintless. The thoroughly golden hair led one to expect a rosy complexion and blue glancing eyes, whereas my eyes were of darkest brown, and they did not glance, but gazed steadily from under black lashes and straight black eyebrows. I knew the closed arched mouth was good, and the firm round upturned chin, and the straight nose with its thin nostrils, where my familiar demon showed itself in each slight inflection; but the contour of my face was not perfect. It was too broad over the brows and slightly hollowed beneath the cheek-bones; and there was superadded a grave earnestness and intentness which suited ill my eighteen years.

"No, I am not beautiful—but what does it matter?" I said to myself, withdrawing my eyes and buttoning my gloves; and the action reminded me that I was innocently proud of my firm white hand, rather large as it was, and taking a good six-and-three quarters glove to cover its smooth suppleness.

The carriage was at the door, and Mrs. Escombe was ready, as sweet-looking as ever. I nodded gaily to Jessie as she put my cloak over my shoulders, and, taking bouquet and fan, I ran down stairs and took my place beside my aunt, and we left the pretty summery-looking habitation, which was aunt's dower-house, behind, and set off through the lanes, breaking into spring tints, towards Truscott Hall, where Lady Fernley held stately court.

"How strange it is to fancy Lady Fernley expecting her son from abroad! I can never imagine her having the common affections of ordinary people," I remarked, lazily watching the last gleam of primrose sky from the carriage windows as we sped along.

"My dear, who could be an affectionate wife to such a mere scientific machine as Sir James Fernley? But she is a devoted mother; it was quite touching to see her joy when she heard that her son had decided to return home. I don't know a more excellent woman than Lady Fernley," said aunt Fanny warmly.

"Yes, aunty, an excellent woman, after the pattern of those noble Roman matrons who were always burning to sacrifice their children to some noble purpose," I returned laughingly.

"You wicked child, to say such a dreadful thing of poor Lady Fernley, after her so kindly begging that you should make your *debut* at her house!"

"But, aunt, is there any truth in Miss Crossman's story that she nearly broke the heart of this beloved son by separating him from the girl he loved? She said that drove him away from her."

"I really cannot answer for Miss Crossman's stories," my aunt replied evasively, "though I am sure, if any one knows Lady Fernley's secrets, she does."

"Well, it is of little consequence; but I do want to see Mr. Fernley, just to behold a man who gets about the world comfortably with a broken heart. Miss Crossman assured me his was quite broken, and his life shattered into the bargain."

"That happened years ago. Miss Crossman is——" But here Mrs. Escombe's good nature again got the better of her momentary pique, and she left to my imagination her hard thoughts of the absent lady.

We drove up the noble avenue leading to Truscott Hall, where lights shone from every window, and, in spite of my staidness, I felt almost childishly excited. I had hitherto been kept well back—there had been so much to undo as well as to educate in me that I had never been allowed as yet to witness a ball.

Mrs. Escombe was chilly with the drive, and she cruelly persisted in sipping two cups of coffee, while I—full of impatience—listened to the thrilling music from the ball-room; then she found a dear friend whose son was at Oxford with my cousin Gus, and stood exchanging maternal confidences with her; but at last we moved forward.

Lady Fernley was our first object, and, after hearing that Mr. Fernley was present somewhere in person, we went on. The doorway of the ball-room was very crowded, and in following my aunt I heedlessly put my foot on her lace flounce and gave it a great tear. Poor aunt Fanny looked back with her company smile, and quietly drew her mangled drapery after her; but an ancient lady sitting near, dressed, like Enid's mother, in "dim brocade," humiliated me by glaring in a hostile manner and abruptly catching up her dress and holding it close till I was safely past her.

I had plenty of leisure to look about me, for I was not asked to join the dancers till two dances were over, by which time I had arrived at the conclusion that fate had never destined me to grace a ball-room, and that for the future society should dispense with my presence. I had already detected that all was not gold that glittered—there were many plain people present, and the light was glaring. From time to time aunt bestowed an encouraging smile upon me, and whispered that my time was coming; but, dear gentle woman, she had not the boldness to be a really good chaperon, and there were mostly strangers present.

I reviewed my small experience of novels, discovered that no heroine had ever been left to her own reflections during two long dances, and looked hopelessly at many an animated couple passing before me; but they were always disgustingly engrossed in each other. Many a careless eye fell upon me, and as carelessly wandered away; and gradually I lost even the feeling of self-respect which had induced me hitherto to keep up appearances by looking interested in what was going on, that no one should suspect what I felt at being neglected.

Away went my thoughts, leaving ball-dresses and balls behind, and mortification too, I was back in the school-room, dreaming of Columbus and Raleigh. I was talking to Jessie of my plans for life, when I should be twenty one and an independent woman, and would travel, like Madame Ida Pfeiffer, and see everything—Italy, my birthplace, first. I was back in Cumberland, visiting Johnny Hope and kind Mr. Kirby, both of whom had been to see me. Then I was again a frightened child flying by night over the dark fells while murder was being done in the house I had fled from.

I looked up with a start; my aunt was touching my arm.

"Yes," I said vaguely, and then "Yes!" quickly and interrogatively, and looked straight up at a gentleman who was standing before me.

"Dreaming again, you naughty girl!" laughed aunt Fanny as I shook my scattered senses together and took in the fact that she was presenting me to the stranger. "I wonder what Mr. Fernley will think of you for dreaming in that absorbed way in a ball-room."

"I may behave better next time. This is my first ball, you know," I said, still looking at the dark handsome face slightly bent towards me.

"You have not found it interesting, I fear?"

"It is too soon to speak yet."

"Let me try if this dance will make you decide favorably."

He smiled as he wrote his name on my card, and, with these commonplace words, our acquaintance began. I felt quiet and composed, and, except for that half-involuntary smile, he was as grave as myself. We looked different from the majority of couples walking about.

"I have your permission, I hope," he said to my aunt.

"Certainly," she answered smiling; "but take care of her. As she is frank enough to own, this is her first ball, and, if she returns to me with her dress in tatters, I shall blame you, not her."

"I will be sure to remember even if the spirit takes me to whirl like a dervish."

I accepted his arm, and we walked away and performed one dance decorously. He took excellent care of me. How good a dancer he was I did not know till succeeding partners caused me to compare them unfavorably with my first; and then, when the floor was crowded, he took me away to the conservatory, now comparatively deserted.

"It is pleasanter here than in that hot room, don't you think? When the dance is over, it will be time to return to Mrs. Escombe."

There is nothing like a dance for making people intimate—a round dance in a crowded room especially. How is it possible to be on formal terms with a person with whom you have just braved the perils of savage attacks by awkward skirmishers—with a person who has gallantly put himself in the breach whenever a troublesome corner, an obtrusive doorway, a clumsy dancer was a dreaded object, and who, after the fray is over through which he has guided and supported you, heroically disregards all his own sensations of heat to fan you as you gaspingly recover breath.

The music exhilarated me, the dancing quickened my young blood. I was glad to have danced, and that with Mr. Fernley.

"How much you like dancing!" Mr. Fernley said as he sat beside me, fanning away assiduously.

"Yes, I do. It is the next best thing to running before the wind or a good gallop on horseback," I answered energetically.

He smiled.

"It is years since I ran before the wind—that is, on my own legs. I have often run before the wind in my yacht."

"Ah, yes—it is years too since I was allowed to run without being scolded for it!" I sighed.

When I raised my head Mr. Fernley's grave bright eyes were watching me closely.

"Have I ever seen you before?" he asked abruptly.

"No, I think not. I have a good memory."

"So have I."

We looked at each other doubtfully. I saw a tall handsome man of about twenty-seven, bearded and bronzed by travel, whose great dark eyes appeared capable of being soft or stern, and were now very intent. He was leaning his elbow on his knee and waving the fan carelessly. While looking, he gradually ceased the movement, and for several moments the outspread fan hid from me all but the upper part of his face. For the second time that evening a wild and terrible reminiscence of my childhood returned to me, and I started violently.

"Is your name Denis?" I faltered.

"Yes. Ah, you have recalled it! We have met before—do tell me where. Your eyes and hair perplexed me when you first looked up; then, after the valse, I thought it must be mistake; but, when you looked so expressive, something came over me [illegible] here was it, Miss Crawford?"

"I—it may be mistaken. Let us go back to my aunt. She will expect me." I rose up, but he did not notice the movement; he sat thinking intently.

"I have been cudgelling my brains," he said, rousing himself and coming to my side as I stood before a splendid daphne, longing to get away, but too unused to society manners to know how to disturb him without being rude.

"I cannot find out where we have met, but every minute convinces me still more that I have seen you before. There!" he cried suddenly, falling back a pace or two as I turned and looked at him uneasily and annoyed. "Never was such an impression a mere fancy! I have been away from England for nearly seven years. Have I met you abroad?"

"I have not been out of England since I was four years old," I answered briefly, bending over the flower.

"Good Heavens, I remember now!" I heard him say presently in an undertone. "Pshaw! What a ridiculous fancy!"

A pause ensued; lower and lower sank my head. I had grown to have a morbid horror of the recollections of my early days, and every word he uttered fell on me with stinging effect. Yet the exaggerated pride I possessed made me disdain to lend myself to a mistake, though it might be in my own favor.

"Tell me the ridiculous fancy," I murmured, casting down my eyes.

"It was that of the person who reminded me of you, or rather of whom you remind me."

"And who was that?"

"A very small person indeed—a mere child; but do not be offended at her insignificance, Miss Crawford," he said, smiling, and trying to look at my face. "She was a most tragic little creature, though but a little rustic, and the picturesqueness of the scene in which she figured quite engraved it on my memory."

A hand seemed clutching my throat as he spoke thus lightly. Picturesque! I lived in his recollection like a striking picture. That hour of agonised suspense when I first met him was just "a situation" in his eyes! My courage was coming back as I lifted my head and spoke quietly.

"Shall I fill in your tableau? Yes, I will. The scene is Garthdale, Cumberland; two men with a lantern are crossing the fells at night. Stop— I have not finished. They meet a poor half-witted child in some mortal terror. She makes a request to them; it is disregarded. They make a promise to her, and that they break."

We stood facing each other.

"Good Heavens, how did you know this? Who are you?"

"I am Sylvia Crawford now, Mr. Fernley; when you met me on the fell, I was Paul Massey's little slave. Will you take me back to my aunt now?"

Without waiting for him to recover from his blank astonishment. I left the conservatory alone; the next instant he had hastened after me and drawn my reluctant hand through his arm.

"It's most wonderful, but I cannot doubt you. I must hear all—I insist on it; but this is no place to speak in. I will call at the dower-house to morrow; then you must see me."

To this I returned no answer, and we went back to Mrs. Escombe.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Fernley was as good as his word. He called at the dower-house the next day. No one but I knew that he intended coming; therefore it was not remarkable that I spent nearly all that day with some friends living a few miles off. Not discouraged by this, he made a few more attempts to see me; but chance favored me when I could not otherwise have escaped meeting him, and, when he perceived that he was purposely avoided, his efforts ceased at once.

For my part, when they did, I came to lose the repugnance to him that I had conceived on finding that he remembered me at the period of my deepest humiliation and suffering; and, in losing the fear that I should be forced to go back in thought to those old scenes and rake up painful recollections, I came gradually, strangely enough, even to feel an interest in him, in consequence of the very circumstance that I knew something of him before. I could recollect his face when it was almost boyish, before the black silky beard clothed all the lower portion of it—before thought, and perhaps trouble, had drawn the two lines between his brows which gave such sternness sometimes to his look.

For some reason aunt Fanny would never endure the rumor that he had been "crossed in love," and that the girl he loved had died of grief and disappointment. Rich, intellectual, and handsome, he was soon a "lion" in the sleepy cathedral town near which we lived, and the numerous curious and beautiful things that he had collected during his travels attracted hosts of friends to Truscott Hall.

Among the rest we often went, and Lady Fernley and her son often came to the dower-house. I used to think that he came to please his stately mother, for what interest could he take in aunt Fanny and a reserved, distant girl like myself? I knew it was so, more especially when another rumor reached us that he was engaged, or just going to be engaged, to the Bishop's beautiful daughter.

Aunt Fanny was quite unhappy when she heard it. She and Lady Fernley did not agree about its being such an excellent match. There was nothing for me to say about it, so I said nothing. Any attempts at intimacy I had repulsed, and he never tried now to win me to speak to him. Perhaps he had heard my whole story somewhere; such things leak out, however careful people are. Some persons would think me contaminated by the tollsome and terrible life at Garthdale, when I was too wretched an object to associate even with peasant's children. Well, in three years' time, if not before, I would England a wide berth, and go where the sad past should never be brought against me.

Many such thoughts occupied me one June evening when I was alone—aunt had gone to dine at Truscott Hall—with a sad headache and in a dismal frame of mind, which came on together after a visit from that arrant gossip, Miss Crossman, who had called in high glee to confirm certain rumors which Mrs. Escombe had dared to doubt a short time before. Aunt begged me particularly to accompany her out that evening. I could not understand her pertinacity.

"Why should I go, dear aunty? You can congratulate Lady Fernley, without me, on attaining her wish; and I am not invited, you know."

"Nonsense, my dear; you always go with me there. It is an understood thing between Lady Fernley and me; we are too familiar to be formal. I really want you to meet her to-night—I mean," seeing my surprise—"it is pleasant for me to take my calm, well-mannered Sylvia everywhere, and she said she should be quite alone to-night."

"Yes, aunty, of course,"

Involuntarily my eyes sought the distant cathedral towers and spires which rose out of the trees towards the blue sky.

"She is very beautiful," I said musingly.

"Yes, she is beautiful," answered my aunt almost tartly—but neither of us was speaking of Lady Fernly.

I did not tell any one that I felt unhappy too that evening, but such was the case; though, as I asked myself again and again, would I be? I was not wont to let little things affect me long; and why should Miss Crossman's news interfere with the soft splendor of the pure evening, and make everything so inexpressibly melancholy? There was nothing in my lot to pine about now, and great cause for present gratitude and content in knowing what hardship really was. But I was certain of one thing—I wanted to be at peace with Denis Fernley. It was my fault that we had been estranged almost from our first meeting, and I longed for the misunderstanding between us to be at an end, more especially now that he was far removed from me by his love for the beautiful Miss Errington.

I went to walk in the grounds, and then, tiring of that, strolled out into the fields—the gray-green twilight fields, with tall waving seeded grass, sweet with clover-scent, over which a crescent moon was slowly mounting. I went on in the soft twilight, with the evening breeze occasionally rustling the long grass and gently sweeping my white dress across the narrow path. My eyes were fixed on Hesperus, whose bright disc shone before me, and I soon reached a stile at the end of the meadow.

Till I was quite close I did not notice that I went thus to meet a man who stood on the other side of the stile, half hidden by a tall hawthorne-hedge. It was Mr. Fernley, who moved forward silently, put out his hand to me over the stile, and held mine fast as our eyes met. His were strangely eloquent, but I knew not their language, nor what they implored; my lips quivered, however, as I tried to withdraw my hand.

"I did not seek you this time—you came to me," he said in a strange low tone, still detaining me.

"I did not know you were here," I whispered sadly—and my voice seemed choked.

"I know that well," he retorted quickly, turning his head away. The instant after he again seized my relinquished hand, and said violently, "Proud, cold girl, you will never forgive me for having known you in less prosperous days!" There was bitter reproach in his tone, fierce impatience suddenly let loose. "Yet you were better when only an ill-used, unselfish child than in these days of self-righteousness and false pride, unbending to common errors, inflexible in determination. Some day you may suffer."

"What have I done to make you speak so?" I asked, amazed at the sudden passion in his voice and manner.

He laughed bitterly.

"Done? Oh, nothing—the cruellest thing of all! Congratulate yourself that no blame can be attached to you. That you have no heart to touch is no crime, except to me; that moon there is unapproachable, as cold and bright. I saw a line yesterday which describes you exactly:

'Faultily, faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.'"

"Stop, Mr. Fernley—it is time to cease. You have no right to reproach me so—and your reproaches are not true. I am unhappy to-night because I—I want to be friends with you. I do not wish you to have a thought against me. I made a mistake once. It would have been better not to have shrunk from going back to a past, painful time; but, after I had acknowledged that it was I whom you had seen at Garthdale, I thought it was all you had a right to know."

"It would have been, but for the cruel thing you said while owning it—I made a promise, and broke it. I can never forget the cold scorn with which you declared that I broke a promise made to a helpless child. It was true, but you never allowed me to explain why."

"Forgive me then," I said, holding out my hand again, and trying to smile—"forgive me, Mr. Fernley, and I will believe that you had good reason for breaking your word."

"Tell me, first, that it made no real difference to you that night," he exclaimed eagerly.

I was silent.

"Speak!" he conjured me.

"It was no idle fancy of mine," I said at last in a low shuddering tone, clasping my hands before my eyes. "I dreaded murder that night, and when you left me I went back to a dying man, and was with him alone all night. Ah, it was terrible! Let us say no more about it."

"Good Heavens, did we leave you to that? Sylvia, no wonder you hate me, poor girl, with such a memory."

"Then you never heard of Paul Massey's death?" I asked in surprise.

"Never. I too was with the dying that night. I was despatched to London by the last train, to bring down a poor prodigal to see his dying father. On my uncle's death I returned to town directly with my unhappy cousin, and never since then have I seen Thurston, my old school-friend, or visited Cumberland. Am I quite such a brute in your eyes now?"

He was on my side of the stile now, close to me, and looking with great earnestness into my lifted face.

"No—oh, no! Indeed I have often thought since that there might have been excuses for you. And you were kinder then than Garthdale's doctor, though you were a stranger. I wish," I said sighing heavily—"I wish I had let you explain this before."

"Why?" he asked impetuously. "Am I too late? Are you engaged now?"

"I? Oh, no!"

There was a slight pause, and then he began hesitatingly:

"There has been a ridiculous rumor that I am engaged to a lady here. I hope you have never given it credit?"

I said nothing, but my eyes sank beneath his gaze.

"It is not three months since I met you," he went on—"we have been at odds from the first—yet—yet—Sylvia, you have puzzled, attracted, bewildered me till now—and now I know—I love you dearly! Speak to me, Sylvia."

I heard the thrilling voice; I looked for an instant at the dark passionate face, and then away across the dreary, silent fields to the evening sky, still faintly luminous towards the west. All my boasted composure left me, for a moment my pulse stood still, then they beat on wildly as he came nearer, and my heart swelled with relief, tremulous joy, and humility.

"Think of what I was when you met me first. Will you never disdain me for that early life?" I cried imploringly, my eyes fast filling with tears, as I held myself back from his fond clasp.

"You shall be more precious for its remembrance—dearer you cannot be. My sweet! My love!"

He caught me to his breast, covered my face with eager kisses, and, as I yielded to his embrace, all my heart went out to him in changeless love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The women of Cyprus, like all the Greek women, chew great quantities of mastic, imported from the island of Scio, and deem it graceful to appear always chewing the gum. It will soon be in order for a later Byron to remark, "Maid of Cyprus, now we've come, Leave, oh, leave off chewing gum!"

The Three Pictures.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Myrtle Heston had certainly little knowledge of human nature, or of the big world that lay outside the village where she was born, and had always lived; nor did she seem to think it made much difference.

For that matter, neither did Gregory Marshall, the young doctor, who had lately taken charge of his uncle's practice in Cleighton during the latter's absence abroad.

From the moment he had been first presented, the vigilant members of the fair sex saw, with rather envious eyes, that he appeared to spend his spare evenings at Heston's.

"Indeed," said Miss Johnston, the school teacher, one evening about twilight, as the well-known gig drove up to the neat stone house where Myrtle resided, to one of her cronies, "it's no wonder that old Mrs. D'Arcey died, when such doings as this are going on."

The speaker, who had forever bidden good-bye to the last of the twenties, spoke rather indistinctly, in consequence of the close contact of the blind through which she was peeping; but she was understood nevertheless.

"Yes," replied the party addressed, whose voice was as sharp as her features, "the artful minx doesn't care what happens to the people if she can only gratify her vanity and flaunt what she calls her 'triumphs,' in the eyes of more deserving people."

Like her friend, this lady might also be regarded as engaged in intellectual pursuits. Really she was a milliner, with whom the school-mistress boarded; but when coupled with incipient old maidhood, it is astonishing how those of the bonnet-fixing profession can both startle and stimulate public intelligence in a country town.

Facially, as well as in disposition, she considerably resembled her coadjutor at the window.

In each case the nose seemed so peculiarly flattened by years of devoted pressure in search of knowledge, against sashes, and the eyes to have acquired such an air of adaptation to key-holes and cracks, that, judged by these marks, they might have been sisters.

"To think of her taking him to church as though he were the Baron of Brains or the Great Mogul!" continued Miss Johnston.

"Her acting with him the way she does is a clear proof she never had a beau before," followed up the milliner.

Now this was not the truth, and both knew it. For they were aware that many young men in Cleighton at that moment were as anxious to stand first in Mabel Heston's esteem as they were notably indifferent to the wiles and charms of others.

"Why, good gracious, Miss Denham!" exclaimed the school-mistress, after a sudden start and a prolonged stare through the gathering gloom, "if she isn't going out riding with him!"

There was something so overpowering in this announcement that the milliner dropped her work and gazed eagerly over the shoulder of her compeer.

"Well! did you ever!"

From the abrupt ending of her ejaculation, it was evident the spectacle had taken her breath away.

It was the height of folly to deny it, for there sat pretty Myrtle, her black eyes almost radiant with happiness, beside Gregory Marshall, and receiving the last injunctions of her good old mother before she started.

A snap of the whip, and the handsome couple, like a flash, pass the window where the watchers stand, and are out of sight.

"The haughty huzzy!"

"Such airs I never did see!"

Both expressions were simultaneous, and as the maidens turned from their vigil, their faces showed only too strongly how true it is that in time the sweetest wine may become the sourest vinegar.

But imagine their feelings when, a few days later, it was announced that Mr. Marshall and Miss Myrtle were engaged. Worse than this, the day had been appointed. One atom of content was present, however, in the fact that Miss Denham had received an order for part of the trousseau.

This the latter confided to her friend as they were one evening daintily sipping the strong tea that alone of this world's good seems to retain a whiff of Paradise for certain female hearts.

Myrtle often called now to request some changes in the mysterious articles under way, and once or twice the doctor, seeing the pale, pinched face of the milliner over her work, had stopped to exchange a social word.

It was after one of these visits that she suddenly stepped round the little counter and went to the door. Then looking across and up and down the street, she stooped and picked up a small square package.

It wasn't there before Dr. Marshall had entered, and no one had come in since. Therefore, it must be his. But what was in it?

Assuredly, trying to look through it would never do. So nothing was left then but to open it.

She was back in her chair in a moment, and the package being wrapped in tissue paper, as if from an envelope, was so much in her favor.

The covering was off in a moment, and—

"Photographs, upon my word!"

This was not spoken by Miss Denham, but the school-mistress, who had came in unheard during the other's abstraction, and now stood looking in open-mouthed astonishment at the pictures.

Photographs, beyond a doubt! Three of them, and of women young and beautiful in form and features.

Here was a vein that might lead to the richest of developments, and the glance the twain exchanged certainly evinced no disinclination to work it.

"The deceitful wretch!" exclaimed Miss Johnston, in a fury of affected passion; "to think of his carrying on so here with such proofs of his former duplicity about him. It's monstrous!"

"Some of his victims, no doubt!" sadly and virtuously added the other.

"Myrtle must know it," continued the school-teacher, "and immediately. I could not rest in peace to-night upon my pillow if I so far forgot my duty to my sex as to neglect it. They may be something horrible for all we know. I believe he——"

Whatever her belief, its announcement was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the very lady of their thoughts. Myrtle, her pretty face all aglow with the brightest of smiles, just then entered, and nodded kindly to the committee on commiseration behind the counter.

Ere she had announced the object of her visit, however, the milliner, with a slight preliminary cough and mysterious lowering of the voice, handed her the photographs, and asked her to look at them.

During the brief inspection there was a lull like that which is said to always precede the fiercest storms.

"Very pretty, indeed," she finally commented, "particularly the small one. Who are they?"

Miss Johnston seemed like a Nemesis who saw and regretted her disagreeable duty, but was determined to perform it, as she said:

"Friends of Mr. Marshall. Sweethearts, I suppose. He dropped them here to-day."

Instead of the grief-cloud they expected to see darken the face of the fair girl, her features suddenly lit up with a rosy flush, and she again examined the pictures with an almost nervous animation.

Such a disappointment from what they hoped so much, was anything but grateful to the conspirators, and their countenances perceptibly soured as they watched half-smiling Myrtle.

"Oh! I'm so glad you found them, Miss Johnston. I wouldn't have had him lose them for the world. They are Gregory's sisters, you know, and when he wrote home of our engagement, he sent my portrait, and they forwarded theirs in return. Oh! I'm so fearful that he will be annoyed at the thought of losing them. I will go instantly and let him know they have been found. I'm very much obliged to you, indeed!"

All this in a breath, with the most delightful air of joy and confusion possible; then out to the pavement, and before the pair within recovered from their chagrin and astonishment, she was gone.

The pictures were those of Gregory's sisters, for they easily recognized them when they came down to the wedding the following month.

And as the young physician with his lovely bride is now permanently located in Cleighton, Miss Denham and the school-mistress are sufficiently often reminded that those things from which we expect most, only too frequently fail, and disappoint us the worst.

FACETIÆ

How to get flesh—Steal a side of beef.

"A plain dealing man"—One who sells them.

The popular diet for circus gymnasts—Turn-overs.

"A sweat-box"—Sparring in July with the thermometer at 98.

A burst of enthusiasm—An explosion on the Fourth of July.

In order to get the hole thing in a nutshell, buy nothing but worm eaten chestnuts.

If a person wants to get board without difficulty, let him fool around a steam-auger in motion.

In prize fighting whenever one of the combatants gets sick of the business he always "throws up" the sponge.

"How to preserve the purity of the ballot-box"—Wash it well with soap and water, and then disinfect it with carbolic acid.

Differently from their civilized cotemporaries, the cannibals of the South Seas find that great scoundrels are just as rare as honest men.

The man "who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls," found on awakening the reason was that the front of the jail was built of that material.

One can ascertain whether a man has been extensively drinking or whether there are courtable girls in the house, simply by looking at the gate.

The more feeling he shows in the part the better the actor, but it is doubtful if any people throw more real feeling into what they do than pickpockets.

A good start in the world is everything, and particularly when existence has narrowed itself down to a contest of speed between yourself and a police officer.

In base ball language the term "fly" applied to the struck ball is derived from the healthy little insect who so persistently keeps us awake, because it is so difficult to catch.

A Lombard street darkey, as the saying is, last week "froze on" to a couple of cans of ice cream in the cellar of a saloon, and he is now looked upon as a new kind of ice cream freezer.

Red is always used as the signal of danger. Considering the trapset for the unwary in auction rooms generally, there may be more in the proprietors using flags of this color than at first appears.

It will be observed that the latest prospect of better times appears with the demand for cheaper beer. It would seem that there ought to be some connection between the two facts, but for our life we can't see where it comes in.

As an example of martyr-like endurance "Patience on a monument smiling" has given way to the young man who has requested the enthusiastic young lady of the house where he is visiting to play some of her best selections on the piano.

It is terrible for a man to be "out at the elbows," but it's not half so destructive of moral principle and early Sunday school teachings, as for the man's stove-pipe to be out at elbows, as it certainly will be in the rapidly approaching "putting up" season.

Olive Logan says "that man existed 600,000 years ago." She does not mention what man, and for that reason we doubt her assertion. But it is probable enough that woman did; for, if it wasn't so, why should she show such unnatural anxiety to conceal her age?

Clocks were not invented till the fourteenth century, but history is silent as to whether the lovers of preceding times took advantage of this circumstance Sunday nights to prolong their stay until the old man would be compelled to yell over the bannisters and ask the girl if "that young man intended to remain for breakfast."

One of the claims of the Spiritualists is that by supernatural agencies they are enabled to move the heaviest pianos, tables, etc. The utter fallacy of their reasoning is seen, however, when we remember that many worldly furniture-car men can do the same thing without any spiritual help, save that retailed at various prices per glass.

There are moments in which humanity lives years as it were, but if at such times any live a century, it is when as the young lover fondly kisses and smoothes the golden hair of his adored one, and breathes forth blessings upon it, the regulating pins fall out and the whole switch comes off in his hand, leaving her almost as bald-headed as Elijah.

Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Staffordshire, England, published in 1680, relates that a Lady Child, of Shropshire, was married at 12 years of age and had a daughter before she was 13. This daughter also married at the age of 14, and had a child before she was 13. Thus Lady Child was a grandmother before 27.

An old ledger or account book of George Washington has been discovered, some of the entries in which show him to have been fond of play—that is, genteel gambling. He often played at Fredericksburg, usually losing, and the last entry shows his disgust for the place by noting a loss "as usual."

THE SYSTEM is often so rapidly reduced by a severe attack of Diarrhœa, or other Affection of the Bowels, as to get almost beyond the reach of medicine before the patient can realize the necessity of looking about him for a remedy. Better keep by you Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a safe curative for Asiatic Cholera, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., and thus be prudently prepared to treat these complaints on their first appearance.

THE REAL AND IDEAL.

BY H. W. HOLLEY.

'Twas my belief possession brought
No pleasures pure and tender,
And that the hues from fancy caught,
Were those of greatest splendor!
Until I found to my surprise
Bliss was not all ideal,
But that earth's sweetest pleasure lies
Sometimes within the Real.

'Twas my belief what most men sought
Would disappoint the gainer,
Than this no precept was more taught,
No axiom seemed plainer;
And yet when I had reached the goal,
For which I had been scheming,
Such thrills of pleasure filled my soul,
As never came from dreaming.

And though long, dull years have flown,
Since to my boyish dreaming,
Rose up the shores of realms unknown,
With youth and beauty teeming;
Despite of time, in memory set
Its sky of starry splendor,
Shines down upon me glorious yet
With love-light pure and tender!

The Old Manor House.

BY KATHARINE WILLIAMS.

Two years ago I was a lonely old maid, living by myself in my tiny village cottage, without kith or kin, almost the last survivor of the large family of Warburton, who had lived and flourished for generations in Blankshire. True, I had my dog and my kind neighbors to cheer me; still, in the long winter evenings when I sat alone with my thoughts and memories, with no sound to break the stillness save the ticking of the clock and the shuffling and snuffling of my poor old Neil, I felt that I did need human companionship. Therefore, when my poor brother and his wife died, in their far-off French home, in the same week from the same fearful epidemic, leaving their one child, Sybil, to my care, there was some alloy to the bitter grief of losing the last near relative I possessed.

I had not seen Sybil since she was a tiny child, with a white grave face, and big brown eyes, who had cried because I had jestingly offered to take her back to England with me. Now, she was not only grown up, but past twenty; and I was sadly afraid that when she had recovered a little from the terrible shock she had lately sustained, she would find my little cottage home very dull. For my village, as I called it, was the most rustic of villages, in which society was represented by the clergyman and his family and myself. It had not always been so. Once the old Manor House had been inhabited, which added much to the life of the whole place; but just at the time I am speaking of, its drawn down blinds, its untrodden walks were worse than no house at all. I often wished that its master, in his restless wanderings about the world, would remember the stay-at-homes, and let it to some bright, cheery family, who would dispel the gloom that hung about its walls.

I had not very long to wait for her. Ere ten days had passed Sybil was an inmate of my home, and I had had time to discover that my niece would become very dear to me; for she promised to be all that I had pictured to myself, and before a month was over we had settled down to a cosy aunt-and-niece life, which seemed to give us mutual satisfaction.

However, as time went on and the brown eyes looked as sad as ever, and the clear white skin gained no hue of color, I began to worry myself about the child, and to fear that she missed the excitement, such as it was, of her old home in the long, narrow French street.

So I resolved I would make an effort and overcome my shuddering repugnance to enter the walls of the old Manor, and take Sybil over it just to divert her thoughts and show her an English country house. The child looked up from her work—the manufacture of the daintiest of caps for me—with an expression of much interest when I mentioned my plan to her.

"Is it haunted?" she asked, "that you never go near it, or what is it that makes you avoid it so?"

"No," I replied, "it is not haunted in the usual acceptation of the word; but for me it is, for I can never forget something very sad I witnessed within its walls. I think you know, Sybil dear, that the Manor belongs to a Mr. Harcourt, whose wife has been dead for the last three years. Since then he has been roaming about the world, striving to forget the terrible circumstances which drove him from his home. He was not always the rich man he is now. Four years ago he was a poor painter, of good birth, but no means. He had great talent, and by dint of his good connections, and one thing and another, gradually made himself a certain name in London for portrait painting. He was, or rather is, a particularly nice, refined-looking man, so it was perhaps no very great wonder that one of his sitters took a fancy to him.

"She was, moreover, a young lady who might be allowed to have her whims and caprices, for she was one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen, and the possessor of a good fortune and estate. Spoilt from her birth, and under the sole guardianship of a timid old man, who was quite unable to cope with her very extraordinary freaks, and sincerely afraid of the bursts of temper that she displayed at the slightest contradiction, she was allowed her own way in everything.

"I think you can easily guess the rest. Phyllis—that was her name—was not contented with being painted once, nor yet twice. Her likeness was taken half a dozen times by Mr. Harcourt, in every variety of attitude and costume; and when the sixth picture was completed they were married, with the rather unwilling consent of old Mr. Mervyn, Phyllis's guardian.

"I first saw Phyllis when she had been married about six weeks, when she and her husband came down here to settle in her home, the Manor House, which had hitherto been let.

"I forget how we first made acquaintance, but I know that soon not a day passed but we met. 'Phyllis has taken to me immensely,' so said her husband; which meant that Phyllis liked to have me always about with her, and showed me the most extravagant and unreasoning affection.

"Many were the little practical kindnesses which he showed to me, which were worth all poor little Phyllis's showers of kisses and violent demonstrations of affection.

"She was utterly undisciplined, lovely as a picture, capricious, wilful, and jealous—oh! so jealous.

"As you know, the girls at the Vicarage are nice and pleasant, but certainly not pretty; nevertheless, every time Mr. Harcourt went there for a game of croquet or a cup of tea, there was a storm. I afterwards heard that all this terrible temper culminated after the hunt-ball, at which the Harcourts were present, when Phyllis simply went out of her mind from jealousy, without the slightest foundation. I know they left home a few days after the ball, and throughout that whole week I never saw Phyllis; the servant always made some excuse or other when I called. At the end of that time they went up to London, and stayed away six weeks.

"When they came back again Phyllis was her old self, thinner and whiter than before, and with a strange glittering light in her eyes, but wilful and fascinating as ever.

"One day when I was at the Manor she took me into her husband's sitting-room, where I was surprised to see one of the smaller pictures with its face literally to the wall.

"'Why is this picture in disgrace?' I asked.

"She looked at me with the odd suspicious look she sometimes put on.

"'Don't you know?' she said. 'Archie and I had a battle over it. I hate that picture! I detest that picture! I tell him he is not to hang it up, and he declares he will not take it down. So now we have come to a compromise, and it is to remain with its face to the wall till I am in a better frame of mind, he says; but that I shall never be.'

"One day Phyllis was not well, and was kept to the house; so that afternoon, although it was pouring with rain, I attired myself in waterproof and goloshes and went to sit with her.

"I found her on the sofa in the drawing-room, looking more exquisitely lovely than I had ever seen her before.

"She looked like a very lovely child, and was evidently in one of her gentle moods, for her eyes were soft and sweet, and she was looking at her husband, who sat by her side, with much affection. He got up when he saw me enter, and after greeting me turned to his wife and said:

"'Well, dear, as Miss Warburton has come to sit with you, I will go down to the stream and try and catch you some trout for dinner: it is just the weather for them.'

"He went off smiling rather sadly, and I could not help remarking:

"'What a good husband you have, Phyllis!'

"'Yes, poor old Archie, he is not bad, only so obstinate. I have never been so thwarted and corrected in all my life as during the ten months I have been married.'

"I saw she was getting a little bit excited, so I quitted the dangerous topic and took to the very safe one of the last work-pattern we had received.

"Unfortunately I asked her if she could return me a certain piece of lace-work I had lent her.

"In a moment she was off the sofa and out of the room. She was gone some time, and when she came back her color was high and she had that look in her eyes I always dreaded. In her hand she held a small sketch book.

"'See how fortunate I have been!' she exclaimed. 'I have not only found your lace, but have come upon one of Archie's old sketch books; one of those he had before he married me. Do you understand?'

As she spoke, she had opened the sketch-book, and was turning over the leaves rapidly and excitedly.

"I had dropped a stitch of my knitting, and was carefully trying to recover it, when a start and a half-scream from Phyllis made me look up. She was standing with a leaf of the book in her clenched fists, staring at it as though her eyes would start out of her head, her whole face distorted, her frame quivering.

"'I knew it!' she screamed; 'I knew it! There it is again—that face! No, don't touch me! You have just the same face, you are looking at me with just the same eyes! Go, go—I hate the sight of you!'

"I was paralyzed for one moment with terror. The next, I fixed my eyes on her and spoke authoritatively.

"'Be quiet instantly, Phyllis, and sit down!'

"I have often thought since how foolishly I behaved, what utter want of presence of mind I displayed; for I passed Phyllis and went to the further end of the long room to ring the bell for help. When I looked round again the window was wide open, and she was gone. Through the pouring, driving rain, running, jumping, leaping, I could see the white figure retreating, and in another moment I was following, screaming for assistance all the way.

"The end is too terribly sad, Sybil. I cannot, I need not tell it to you in detail; only, when I next saw my poor little Phyllis, she lay all wet and dripping, drowned, in her husband's arms. This was three years ago."

Sybil gave a little sob, and I saw that I had quite upset the child.

"Come, come, Sybil, put away your work and dress yourself."

"No," she answered, "I will not let you go to the Manor; it would be too much for you, and I really would rather not see it. Perhaps another time I may, but not now," and she gave a little shiver as she spoke.

That night we heard from an old servant that Mr. Harcourt was to return shortly, so a visit was determined on for the next day.

The following morning dawned bright and beautiful, and after lunch Sybil and I sallied out to the Manor House.

In-doors the servants had done their best to make the house look comfortable, and had lighted large fires in all the rooms, but it gave me a sad pang to see poor little Phyllis's wedding presents put out, and to meet her sweet childlike face in nearly every picture that adorned the walls.

Sybil was enchanted with everything.

We at length came to Mr. Harcourt's sitting-room. It looked very much as it did of old—businesslike, artistic and cosy. My eye involuntarily wandered to the spot where had hung the disgraced picture. It was no longer in disgrace, but was turning its pretty face to me. I went nearer to look at it, and started back in amazement. It was Sybil's face that looked at me out of the picture—Sybil's pretty little head, surmounted by a Bretonne cap.

"Why, Sybil!" I exclaimed, but stopped short when I saw my niece's usually white face blushing rosy red, and the perturbed look in her sweet brown eyes.

"How could it come here?" she murmured; then, as a sudden inspiration seemed to flash across her, "Ah, I think I begin to understand it now!"

After all, it was a very simple one, and did not take long to relate. It seemed that five years ago, when Sybil and her parents were living in Brittany, there had appeared in their neighborhood a young English painter of the name of Fetherstonaugh, who had come for the purpose of studying the peasantry, with a view to a large picture he intended to execute. My brother called on him, and, as it was a remarkably small out-of-the-way place, with no other English in it than themselves, they became very intimate. Sybil was at that time barely seventeen, and she thought it a very grand thing to put on her Bretonne costume, and be sketched by Mr. Fetherstonaugh. Like poor little Phyllis—though she never said so—I gathered that this sitting and sketching in the old do-nothing French town was not conducive to her peace of mind, and when after staying off and on for three months, Mr. Fetherstonaugh, departed the richer by several sketches of my pretty niece, I fancy Sybil's heart went with him. When I told her the story of Mr. Harcourt, which, she said, had often reminded her of Mr. Fetherstonaugh, she naturally could not recognise him under his new name of Harcourt, which he had taken from his wife. His real name was Fetherstonaugh Harcourt, but no one dreamt of giving him his full title, it was too unconscionably long.

We were preparing to leave, when the sound of wheels greeted our ears.

"Who can it be there?" I exclaimed. "No one has driven up to this house for three years."

We heard the butler in the hall, opening the front door, and a man's voice in parley with him. Then, to our annoyance, the door of our refuge was thrown open by the butler.

"Here are the ladies, sir!"

To my astonishment, who should I see advancing into the room but Mr. Harcourt, looking old and grey, but more cheerful than I had ever hoped to see him again. He greeted me with his old kindly warmth, and then turned to Sybil.

"We are old friends, Miss Warburton, are we not?" he said, with a grave, sad smile. "I have just come from abroad. I heard that you had flitted to England, and, moreover, to within a quarter of a mile of my home."

Sybil blushed and smiled, and murmured something which did not catch my ear; finally we all sat down, whilst Mr. Harcourt related to us how he had grown tired of wandering, and a sudden wish had come over him to revisit his home. Long we sat there and talked, and it ended by our carrying Mr. Harcourt back to the cottage to partake of our small dinner. We kept late hours that night—not till nearly twelve did we separate, and even then we seemed to have said but little to each other.

I should hardly have been a woman if, when I retired to rest that night, I had not amused myself by constructing a rather ambitious castle in the air. My foundation I considered admirable. Mr. Harcourt only just heard Sybil was in England, and he had immediately returned thither. Could any foundation be more solid?

A year and a half has passed away since that time; my castle is a reality, and I, far from being a solitary old maid, am rich in the love and affection of my children, as I call Sybil and her husband. The fair edifice of my imagination is complete to the last stone, the last ornamentation, for I am just returned from paying my respects to Sybil's son and heir, who is to rejoice in the voluminous name of Archibald Fetherstonaugh-Harcourt.

The Musician's Daughter.

BY F. H. B.

About half a century ago there lodged in two very small, badly-furnished second-floor rooms in Carnaby street, Golden Square, London, a middle-aged German musician named Bernhard Villinger, and his daughter Bertha.

He had resided in England for several years, and, until stricken down by paralysis nine months previous to the opening of this tale, he had held an engagement as one of the *repiano* violins in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, which at that time was the only Italian Opera-house in London.

The two rooms which they inhabited were, though remarkably clean and tidy, wretchedly bare of furniture; for during his long and disastrous illness every available thing they had formerly possessed had been sold at a sore sacrifice from time to time to provide daily bread and supply medical necessities for the poor helpless invalid.

Poor Bertha! There was nothing—literally nothing whatever in their rooms on which she could raise a single penny. Two common rush-bottom chairs, a deal table, the truckle bedstead with its coarse mattress on which her father lay, and an old guitar that hung against the wall, constituted all the furniture that now remained to them. Even her own little couch, which stood in the outer room, she had, unknown to him, sold a fortnight before to procure food and pay a month's rent to their stern landlady, and she had slept upon the hard boards ever since.

As she sat toasting that last morsel of stale bread, which, with a cup of weak tea, was to form her father's last meal for the day, she might well be pardoned if she gave way to feelings of utter despair.

She had hitherto borne her burthen bravely: and though, through all the long tedious months that had worn their dreary course along since he was stricken down, she had scarcely ever left his bedside, but sat hour after hour, day after day, week after week, cheerful, and apparently content; she now felt herself sinking under the complete hopelessness of their future prospects.

She pressed her poor little thin hands convulsively to her forehead and wept bitterly.

But she was not one of those shallow, weak-minded girls who allow themselves to be totally overwhelmed. She had served a long apprenticeship in the grim school of adversity; and now, though her tears still flowed fast, she sat down to reflect, as calmly as she could, as to how the "daily bread" was to be provided for the morrow.

After a moment these thoughts were interrupted by the tremulous accents of her father.

"Bertha, darling, I feel half inclined to sleep; go to your pianoforte and sing me that sweet song of Weber's that I so love; it will lull me to rest."

"You forgot, father dear, that our piano is—is disposed of."

"Eh? disposed of, child?—ah! true—true! I did not remember it. I recollect now. But you still have your poor mother's guitar; you have not parted with *that?* I always strictly forbade you ever to part with it! No; I see you have not. There it hangs in its old familiar place on the wall."

"Yes, father; I myself would rather starve than part with this last relic which we possess of my loved mother; and of those dear old times when we were all so happy!" said she, taking the instrument down from the wall, and tuning it with a precision and truth of intonation that betokened a thoroughly practised hand. "Which song of Weber's am I to sing? You love them all, you know."

"I do—I do. Sing me the one to which I adapted Lord Byron's beautiful words: the 'Farewell' one, I mean."

And she commenced the short symphony of the "Farewell" song, and managed the necessary variations in the accompaniment, and got out the light and shade of all the main effects so admirably, while watching her father's poor withered hand unconsciously beating time on the old gray duffle dressing-gown; and sang the words in a fine rich mezzo-soprano voice with so much expression that it seemed as if Bernhard Villinger's prophecies about her future celebrity would turn out to be no idle dream.

At the end of the song she found him fast asleep, with a smile upon his rugged old face that absolutely made him look young again.

She laid her guitar down on the old deal table, rose softly, and gazed on his calm and apparently pleasant slumber with ineffable fondness—kissed him with a scarcely perceptible touch on his lips, and again sat down by the cold fireside to reflect on the best means of procuring a crust of bread, if nothing else, for the next morning's breakfast.

There seemed but one way. Although it might expose her to unspeakable personal discomfort—to degradation in the eyes of the world—there was nothing dishonest in it; she would put it in practice that very evening.

It was neither more nor less than this: She would take her guitar and go into some quiet, respectable street in the neighborhood—some street in which there were old fashioned gentlemen's houses—and sing one or two of her German songs, and trust to Providence for something from the residents.

Her father scarcely ever woke for some hours at this part of the evening; and even if he did, he would only think that she had gone to get some necessary provision for the morrow.

She made her way at first towards Oxford street, and soon found herself near to Portland Chapel, two or three doors from which she noted several good private houses on the right hand side that she thought would perhaps answer her purpose.

One of these had lights in the parlor, and they all looked as if they belonged to well-to-do occupants.

The street happened at that moment to be unusually quiet. There was no one passing as she brought out her guitar from beneath her mantle and took her station in the road, close to the curb-stone, immediately in front of the house. Her father had appeared so pleased with her improvised accompaniment to the song which she had sung to him just before she left home, that she resolved to commence with it, and though she felt no little tremor as she struck a few preluding chords, yet that soon wore off, and before she had finished the short symphony which led into the song, both hand and voice were as steady as if she had been playing and singing to her poor father in the second-floor back.

When she had finished the first verse of the song, she found that a little audience of twelve or fourteen persons had gathered round; and, much to her secret delight she received one or two gifts of sixpences, and three or four of pence. She noticed, too, that the parlor-window of the house before which she stood had just been gently raised a few inches, as if to enable its occupants to hear more distinctly; and this gave her hope of a somewhat larger contribution.

And at this moment, although she knew it not, came the crisis of her fate.

The door opened, and a pleasant-looking old servant in brown livery came up to her, with a request to walk in, as his master wished to speak with her.

Much to the disappointment of her small audience, who had hoped to hear at least another song, she, after a moment's hesitation, followed him, and was ushered in to the back parlor, where she found two gentlemen evidently waiting to receive her.

One of them was a rather short, somewhat gray-headed, spruce, dapper little man, who wore the (even then) old-fashioned drab-colored knee-breeches, and long gaiters to match. He spoke, for the most part, through his nose, with a decided snuffle.

The other was taller and dressed in black, in much more modern fashion. He was remarkably thin, had high cheek bones, the flesh of which had fallen in; and, with his prominent Roman nose and pale face, this gave him a melancholy and almost unearthly aspect. His eyes also were unnaturally bright: and altogether he looked, alas! as if destined for an early grave.

"H'm!" said the little gentleman in the drab breeches and gaiters, eyeing her narrowly through his gold spectacles, and taking an enormous pinch of snuff from a large silver box which he unearthed from his waistcoat pocket, "h'm! sit down, please."

"Thank you, sir," said Bertha, sitting down, and placing her guitar on the table beside her.

"H'm!" said he, taking another enormous pinch of snuff, and peering at her through his gold spectacles more closely than ever, "you sing very well—too well for a strolling street singer; but how came you to single my house out, and all the thousands of houses in London, for a display of you vocal capabilities? H'm!"

"Sir, I came into the street by the merest chance. I know nothing of you, or of your house; and as from your manner I cannot but conclude that my singing has been distasteful to you, I will relieve you of my presence; and depend upon it, I will not come near your house again!" and so saying, she rose, took up her guitar, and turned to depart.

"H'm!" (this was a more satisfactory grunt, but there was still a strong flavor of doubt in it.) "Stay, stay! my good girl; I did not mean to offend you: but, still, are you quite sure that you didn't know who lived here?"

"Quite sure, sir! I don't think that I was ever in this street before in my life."

"H'm!"

Satisfaction increasing greatly.

"You are not an English girl?"

"My dear mother was English; my father is a German."

"H'm!"

This was a long, thoughtful grunt.

"You have been taught to sing?"

"I have, sir."

"Who taught you?"

"My father, sir."

"Is he a musician?"

"He is, sir."

"A singer?"

"Not a public singer, sir."

"What then?"

"A professor of the violin and pianoforte."

"H'm!"

A still more satisfactory grunt.

"And do you play the piano?"

"I—well, yes—I may venture to say that I do."

"Very well, there's an instrument over there; will you oblige me by letting us hear you?"

"I cannot decline, sir."

The tide was turning rapidly, and it looked amazingly like fine weather—for the little dapper man rose up with empressment, opened a splendid "grand" which stood beside the back window, drew out the music-stool, and turned it up to what he conceived would be the proper height, and then courteously motioned Bertha to take the seat.

"What on earth will this end in?" murmured she to herself, as she swept her fingers over the keys of the magnificent instrument, and broke into one of Weber's waltzes.

Again Weber!—always Weber!—how did this come to pass?

It came to pass because her father had really and truly taught her scarcely anything else. He had grounded her thoroughly in the scales, and placed all sorts of classical exercises before her; but when it came to anything beyond that, it was Weber, Weber, Weber! Almost always Carl Maria von Weber! She knew nearly the whole of his works by heart, and played them as they deserve to be played. Nothing more need be said.

"H'm!"

This grunt now expressed unbounded satisfaction.

"You sing well, you play well—you're a musician; you know your business. Now, I am Sir George Smart, director of the music at Covent Garden Theatre, at the Oratories, and many other places besides. And if you can give me proof that you are a respectable young women, and place yourself under my care and tutelage, I'll bring you out, and make your fortune."

Poor Bertha was fully staggered at this announcement. The realization of such a prospect would bring back comfort, and, perhaps, even health, to her dear father. She could scarcely believe that it was not all a dream.

But what had become of the bright-eyed, emaciated and cadaverous-looking, Roman-nosed gentleman during all this time?

He had sat in the corner by the fire, closely observant of all that passed, and had not spoken a word.

But he now rose slowly, and apparently with some difficulty, from his seat, and in very broken English, with a strong German accent, said to her:

"Your *fader* is German!"

Bertha, who from the pronunciation of the word father, found that she was speaking to one of her own countrymen, immediately answered:

"Ja, mein Herr."

And the conversation that ensued between them was thenceforth carried on in their native tongue. It was to the following effect:

"You have been taught music only by your father?"

"Only by him, sir."

"Both to sing and also to play the pianoforte?"

"Yes, sir."

"You never had any other instructor?"

"Except for my guitar. My poor mother taught me that."

"Do you play on any other instrument?"

"A little on the violin, but not much. My father insisted that I should learn it to a certain extent, in order to keep my ear in tune."

"Aha! What age are you?"

"I am twenty-two, sir."

"And how long have you been singing about the streets?"

"To-night is the first, sir."

"May I ask what caused you to take such a step?"

"Sir, my father is helplessly stricken down with paralysis; we are penniless; and I did it, unknown to him to provide food for to-morrow."

"And where do you live?"

"I live with my father in Carnaby street, Golden Square."

"And what is your name?"

"Bertha Villinger."

"Villinger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Villinger; what is your father's Christian name?"

This question was put with great eagerness, and no little agitation.

"Bernhard Villinger."

"My God! it is surely he! It is my old friend whom I have not seen for years; he is a violinist?"

"He is, sir; he was a member of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre until this sad dispensation of Providence disabled him."

"It is the same—it is the same! I am sure of it. Sir George, this is a countrywoman of mine; and I believe her father is a very old friend of whom I have lost sight for many years. I must claim the first right to see to their future welfare!"

"H'm! very well—very well! But anything I can do for them, I'm sure I shall be delighted to——"

"No, no! many thanks, but no! I have your address, my child, and I will call on your father to-morrow early, and make arrangements for your future well-doing; meantime take this, and spare no expense in making your poor father comfortable and happy."

And, thus saying, he placed in her hand a purse which must have contained at least ten sovereigns.

"Oh, sir!" said Bertha, scarcely able to speak, "how can I find words to express my gratitude!"

"Nay, nay, my child, say no more, I entreat."

"At least let me have the pleasure of conveying to my father this night, the name of the friend who has thus generously assisted us!"

"Never mind that to-night. To-morrow when I see him you shall be told."

"H'm! No, no, no! Let them be made happy to-night! The name of this gentleman, my dear, is *Carl Maria von Weber!*"

* * * * *

This true story is ended; but our readers may be glad to hear that through the instrumentality of the great composer, and also, after his lamented death, of Sir George Smart, Bertha was most advantageously placed in the musical world, and attained a high position on the continent as a concert singer. Her father survived long enough to enjoy her triumph, and died surrounded by every comfort that his daughter's kind care could bestow.

If the enemies of innocent amusement had the direction of the world, they would take away spring and youth—the former from the year's seasons, and the latter from human life.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HARDENING WOODEN PULLEYS.—For the purpose of hardening wooden pulleys, the pulley, after it is turned and rubbed to smoothness, is boiled for about eight minutes in olive oil. It is then allowed to dry, when it will become exceedingly hard.

CURE OF SLEEPLESSNESS.—Dr. Tuke, in his recently-published "Insanity and its Prevention," prescribes a somewhat novel method for persons troubled with sleeplessness. The sleepless man is to count up his head, arms and legs a number of times, and vary the order of precedence. It is not an interesting occupation, but slumber soon gives relief.

CURIOUS CHANGE OF CALICO.—Dissolve four drachms of copperas in one pint of water, then add about six drachms of lime in powder, and two drachms of finely powdered indigo, stirring the mixture occasionally for twelve or fourteen hours. If a piece of white calico be dipped into the solution for a few minutes, it will be dyed green, and by exposure to the atmosphere for only a few seconds, this will be converted into a permanent blue.

THE POKE BERRY.—Les Mondes suggests that an advantageous utilization might be made of the common poke or pigeon berry in the manufacture of paper. This common weed grows almost everywhere, is very hardy, and is said to yield an abundance of ligneous fibre extremely suitable for paper making. As the material is one that is so readily procured, it would be well for our manufacturers to try it.

JAPAN FOR IRON.—To make japan for iron, mix shellac varnish with a sufficient quantity of ivory-black or lamp-black. Other methods are as follows: 1. Asphaltum, 1 lb.; melt, then add hot balsam of capivi, and thin with turpentine. 2. Grind lamp-black very smooth, and add copal varnish to the proper consistence. 3. Asphaltum, 3 oz.; boiled oil, 4 quarts; burnt amber, 6 oz.; mix by heat, and when cooling thin with turpentine. 4. Amber, 12 oz.; asphaltum, 2 oz.; fuse by heat, and add boiled oil, half pint; resin, 2 oz.; when cooling add one pint of turpentine.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—A high medical authority says the idea that sweet oil will neutralize such poisons as prussic acid, nicotine, strychnine and a host of others less speedy in their action, is almost too absurd to demand refutation. In some cases, when taken into the stomach in large quantities, it may serve to involve acrid and poisonous substances and mitigate their action until the arrival of a physician with specifics shall relieve the patient from danger; but it is not to be used in all cases, for its administration, for instance, immediately after the swallowing of a corrosive mineral acid such as the oil of vitriol, would be followed by the most fearful results.

NEW ELASTIC TREE.—A new and valuable member of the group of elastic gums is found in the sap of the bully tree, which flourishes on the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon. It is called balata, and ranks between caoutchouc and gutta percha in useful qualities. It resembles gutta percha so closely in its general properties that much of it is shipped yearly from Guiana and sold for gutta percha, though it has many points of superiority. It is tasteless, gives an agreeable odor on being warmed, may be cut like gutta percha, is tough and leathery, and is remarkably flexible and far more elastic than gutta percha. It becomes solid, and may be joined piece to piece like gutta percha, at about 120° Fahr., but requires 270° Fahr. to melt.

ARTIFICIAL INDIGO.—The most notable achievement in synthetic chemistry since 1868 has just been made at Munich, Germany. For the past twenty years several chemists there have been studying the constitution of indigo, and at a late session of the German Chemical Society the chain of reactions leading to the artificial formation of indigo was disclosed. The discovery ranks with that by which artificial madder was substituted in the arts for the natural product, hitherto the only instance of the kind in the history of chemistry. As yet the operations involved in it are too numerous and too costly to allow of their practical application in the arts, yet there is reason to expect that cheaper methods will be devised, as was the case with artificial madder products, and that before many years a new and important industry will be developed.

FEMININITIES.

It seems hard that when a man dies, his better half is entitled to only a third.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.

Have a care, girls! Adele Millet, a French maiden, has been hugged to death.

A woman can do almost anything in a graceful manner, except graw green corn off the cob.

The man who never wore tight boots is courting the woman who never saw a looking glass.

The young lady should not sing "Home, Sweet Home," for her lover too early in the evening.

Said an Irishman, in the course of an eloquent speech, "Mr. Chairman, the gals is the boys to do it."

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

When a woman begins to put her fingers to her mouth when talking, for fear it will be seen she is losing her teeth—that's a symptom.

As the moon, visible or invisible, has power over the tides, so the face of the loved one, whether present or absent, controls the soul.

A young woman should not forget that when once the door of the heart is opened to a guest, there is no knowing who will come in next.

Some wretch has the audacity to remark that the ladies deck their hats with flowers in memory of the men who have been killed by milliners' bills.

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it poisons the parent.

The numerous ladies who are running away with other ladies' husbands these days, should remember that man is a creature to run away from, not with.

"No girls get along well without mothers," remarks a moral exchange. This may be true, but hereabouts the girls work harder to get mothers-in-law than they do to keep mothers.

All hairpins look alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit for a month, and come home and find a strange hairpin near the door, and she can't wait a minute to grow red in the face.

A woman being told that some tables in the Russian department of the French Exhibition were made of malachite, exclaimed, "My goodness! I thought Malachite was one of the prophets!"

An English lady, who is exceedingly careful of her complexion, is in the habit of wrapping up her face in a raw veal cutlet every night before going to bed, leaving openings in the mask for her mouth, nostrils and eyes.

The New Orleans school directors resolved that all female teachers who marry shall lose their places. Their theory is that married women have a supporter, and must therefore give way to their sisters who have none.

"She paints beautifully!" whispered a young lady to her escort, referring to a stunning belle who had just passed. He answered, "Do you think so? It struck me that she had put on rather too much this evening." There was a lull.

A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from the lips of a girl he was greatly taken with, and excused the liberty by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity with him, that now and then it came on him and he could not control himself. When he rose to take his leave, the girl said, "If you ever feel any more such fits coming on, you had better come here where you are known, and we will take care of you." He now has an attack three times a day.

In the education of children, bodily health should have primary attention. The tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life.

Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were rich.

One of the marked characteristics of fashionable demoralization is a reckless neglect of principles, and rigid adherence to their semblance.

WISH-DAY

[CONCLUDED.]

After breakfast George went down to tge stable to have a look at Blackberry, papa's black horse. How splendid he looked with his fiery eyes and well cut legs! Every noise made him toss his head and prick up his ears. How grand it would be to sit astride him and master him, as papa did, and then trot past the little boys and girls in town! George looked at his pony in a paddock close by, and thought it no better than riding a dog to ride such a mild, shaggy brute as that!

"Have a ride, Master George?" said the stable-boy.

"Yes, I should like a ride. If you saddle Blackberry and lift me up on him, I'll give you sixpence," said George in an off-hand way.

"Can't, Master George; why he'd toss you off as soon as look at you," said the boy.

"He won't toss me off; I won't let him. I'll hold on by my knees," said George, with a confident little swagger. "Put me up, and I'll give you my whistle as well as sixpence."

I don't know whether it was the promise of the sixpence and the whistle or because the fairies wished it, but the stable-boy saddled Blackberry and put George upon his back.

Yes, it was grand to be perched up so high, although George did not like the big black head and mane tossing so near him; and as the stable-boy led Blackberry out, his step was very different from the shaggy Shetland's jog trot.

"Lead him into the road," said George, who hoped Blanche and Alice might be looking out of the top window. He would liked all the world to be looking at him just then.

The stable boy obeyed, and, walking by Blackberry's side, led him up the road for about a mile—and so George was having his wish. The little children, as he passed, gazed open-mouthed at him; he felt all the importance of his position, and was getting used to Blackberry's tossing head and dancing steps. "Let go the reins," he said to the stable boy. "I'll ride alone now."

"No, no, Master George; better not," said the boy.

"But you must let go; I want to have a real ride," George said in a masterful tone.

The boy dropped the bridle, and George moved on alone. It was a splendid moment. Very soon, however, Blackberry changed his pace, and his amble became a trot. Suddenly he whisked his tail and lowered his head.

"Look out, Master George; pull in the reins," cried the boy from behind.

George pulled as hard as he could tug, but Blackberry's head only went the lower. Perhaps he felt indignant that such a sprat of a creature as George should not only dare sit astride but actually think to master him, and lashed his tail and reared his huge body on his hind feet as if to shake George off. George let go the bridle, and clutching Blackberry's mane clung to it with all his might. He dizzily saw the boy trying to seize the bridle, but it was too late. Blackbery turned, and was now dashing off in a mad gallop back to his stable.

Tramp, tramp, gallop, gallop, the road seemed to fly beneath his hoofs. Houses, trees, fields flashed past. George heard the shouts of people as he tore along, but it grew faint before it reached him. Gallop, gallop, tramp, tramp. Faster than the wind he was riding. He was trembling in every limb, but still clinging to Blackberry's mane. Would he ever stop? Would he shake him off and trample on him? Gallop, gallop, tramp, tramp. A plunge, and then a splash—Blackberry had thrown George into a pond by the roadside, all slimy with duckweed, among the ducks and geese. What a quack, quack, and wild flapping of wings there was! One fat duck on which George had plunged down wriggled off with a scream.

The farm-laborers who were close at hand picked him out, but what a piteous figure he presented, with the duckweed clinging to his clothes and hair, and his teeth chattering and his limbs trembling from the horror of that hurry-skurrying ride.

"Poor mannikin!" he heard some one say, "he's no more fit than a sucking baby to ride that great creature of a horse. It was a shame for whoever stuck a mite like him upon it."

"Most like," said some one else, "he got the groom to put him on. Small boys have uncommon big ideas about themselves, and like to do like grown-up folks."

George was carried home by the farmer to whom the field belonged. When nurse saw him, she flung up her hands—"Did you ever see the likes!" she cried. "What will his mamma say when she hears it? Ah, Master George, if you did'nt look the most comical figure I ever clapped eyes on, I could cry thinking of the fright you've had, and give you a whipping for your disobedience. So you'll just go to bed instead, and stop there, to keep off the cold, and as a punishment."

So George went to bed. He was so sore and tired that he soon fell asleep, and perhaps he dreamt what a silly secret the flaunting yellow dahlia held in its petals—the secret of empty ambition. And now let us see what happened to Blanche.

That afternoon some ladies came to inquire after baby-brother, who was sleeping peacefully then, making no moan. They had a little girl with them, and when Blanche came into the drawing-room the ladies kissed her and began to praise her beauty.

"What a lovely little creature!" they said, looking at her. "What beautiful blue eyes and golden hair, and a complexion like flowers! She is the prettiest little girl in all the town."

And the child who was with them put out her hand and touched Blanche's cheek and said: "How pretty you are!"

When Blanche heard all this she was very proud—"the prettiest little girl in all the town." She had her wish—the fairies had granted it.

As soon as she was alone she got up on tiptoe to look at herself in the glass. Yes, she was very pretty; what blue eyes she had, and so bright! She opened them wide to see them better, and she turned her head about and laughed with glee. She could not play, for the thought of her beauty kept coming and disturbing her, and she would run away to look in the glass again. "Do you not think me very pretty?" she asked Alice in a little whisper, looking much pleased with herself.

"Just as you were always," replied Alice; "I wish you would come and play ball with me."

"I don't want to play," said Blanche crossly; and then she went back to look in the glass. The servants disturbed her, coming and going, and she was called away. She grew vexed, for all she cared to do was to look at her pretty image in the mirror, and this she could not do in peace.

At last she bethought herself of her mamma's dressing-room. No one would look for her there, for it was close to the room where baby was sleeping, and the children were told not to go upstairs lest they should disturb their little sick brother's slumbers. There were laces and jewels of mamma's in the dressing room. Would she look like Cinderella at the ball if she could only deck herself out in gauze and diamonds!

Up stole Blanche very softly. A fire burnt in the grate for baby-brother's use, although it was midsummer. On the table lay a gold chain. Blanche wound it round her neck, and it lay there like a gleaming serpent, but it was not brighter than her hair. Mamma's bunch of keys were also on the table. Blanche knew the drawer where the laces were kept. She put a key very gently into its hole and drew open the drawer, making no noise, and took out a long lace veil. How like a beautiful cloud it was! She threw it over her, then she mounted upon a chair to see herself in the long mirror in its carved oak frame that stood over the chimney-piece. It was the prettiest sight you ever saw—this little damsel clad from head to foot in lace. A fairy peeping out of a cloud could not have been a daintier vision. Her blue eyes shone with delight and wonder; her mouth was half open, as she breathed a little hard, for she was excited, finding her wish for beauty fulfilled. Then, after having gazed at herself for a little while, she stooped forward to kiss that beautiful image of herself in the dark-looking glass. She had forgotten the fire—the fire that had been kept in for baby-brother's sake. Her chair was close to it, and mamma's veil hung down near it. As Blanche bent forward to kiss her reflection she felt something warm, then it grew hot, then came a sound! The flames had caught the lace, and in a moment the little maid was surrounded as by a tower of flames. What a hissing, purring noise they made! She felt a horrid light round her, and a scorching pain. Down jumped Blanche shrieking, but the flames went with her. She could not escape them: there they were round her, whirring, dazzling, scorching. Suddenly a hand grasped her; something dark and heavy was thrown over her enveloping her from head to foot. She could see nothing, but she could hear her father's voice saying, "Hush, child! stay quiet. If you don't move I'll put the fire out."

Blanche was not dangerously hurt. Her father had come in time to save her by extinguishing the flames; but her golden hair was burnt to a black friz, and her cheeks and arms were scorched. Then she knew what a foolish wish hers had been—selfish vanity, that never brings anything but sorrow.

And little Alice? That evening she waited patiently at the foot of the stairs. The doctor had just gone up to see baby-brother. When he came down she crept out of her corner came to him. "Is little brother better?" she asked.

"Little!" answered the doctor, looking at her through his gold-rimmed spectacles, "little brother will soon be able to crow and caper again. I know a little maid who will be glad of it;" and he patted Alice's head.

"I thought he would get well," said Alice; "for I asked the fairies to make him well."

"The fairies!" said the doctor, laughing. "So it's the fairies and not my physic that have made him well. To be sure last night I didn't think my physic would do him much good."

"Can I see little brother?" asked Alice.

"Yes, bring the child up," said the doctor.

So mamma brought Alice softly upstairs to the room where baby-brother was. He looked very thin and pale, but when he saw Alice he stretched out his hand and gave a feeble crow. Alice was allowed to sit near him, and even to nurse him for a little while; and as he lay in her lap, clasping her finger with his small satin hand, she whispered very low to him that this had been wish-day, and that she had seen a fairy, and she had asked the fairy to make him well. She did not tell him about the fire, or horse for she was sorry for George and Blanche.

I do not know if baby understood, but he laughed and chuckled, and Alice felt sure he understood.

Every day baby-brother got better, and Alice was happy. The secret of the violet that grows in the woods, and which all the children can pluck, was unselfish love, and Alice had chosen right in choosing it.

[THE END.]

THE MOTION OF A BALLOON.—The motion in a balloon is scarcely perceptible. You are not conscious of rising; but the earth appears to recede from you, and to advance to meet you during a descent. In the higher regions of the air, the intense solitude of the cloud-scape has something in it awful and oppressive, as if the world were left behind forever, and the aeronaut were about to launch chance-driven into the vast infinitude of shadowland. Amid these altitudes, if any sound is made by the aeronaut, it is echoed back in ghostly tones by the vast envelope of the balloon, which as it floats casts a shadow sometimes black and sometimes white, but which is usually surrounded by an aureole or halo more or less distinctly marked.

A CURIOUS LAW.—The following curious law was enacted during the reign of Richard I. of England, for the government of his followers during the crusade to the Holy Land: "He who kills a man on shipboard shall be bound to the dead body and thrown into the sea; if the man is killed on shore, the slayer shall be bound to the dead body and buried with it, he who shall draw his knife to strike another or who shall have drawn blood from him, to lose his hand; if he shall have only struck with the palm of his hand without drawing blood, he shall be thrice ducked in the sea."

A Victim to Modern Inventions.

BY F. J. O'B.

Since quite a child, Harry Gradient had been noted for his ingenuity in devising various mechanical oddities. His knack of invention was truly wonderful, though as yet—at the time I write, Harry was twenty-five—my friend had had few opportunities of turning it to practical purpose. He and I were both engaged in some engineering works on the continent, undertaken by an English firm. After we had been there some months, Harry received the news that a relative had died, leaving him a nice little property and a comfortable house, some miles out of London, and returned to take possession.

Time passed on, and the business I had been engaged in was completed, and I returned home. I had written to Harry occasionally; so as soon as he heard I had arrived in England, he sent me a pressing invitation to come and visit him.

I gladly accepted the invitation, for I wanted to see my old friend again, and wrote to him saying I would run down the next day, and arrive at a station some two miles from his house, about six o'clock in the evening.

Harry was there waiting for me with his dogcart; and soon we were bowling along a pleasant country road.

"Look he cried, "that is my house you see there among the trees; and this we are passing, and that one beyond, and the other, whose chimneys you can just see—are all occupied by friends of mine—as well as some others you cannot see from here and to each of them I have laid a telegraph wire; so, when I have nothing particular to do of an evening, I telegraph: 'Will you come and have a game at whist?' or, 'I saw Brown in town to-day; he's coming to shoot with you to-morrow.'"

We now arrived at the entrance-gate; Harry pulled up "I'll get down and open it," said I.

"Sit still!" he cried. The gate opened of its own accord

"Hollo! That's 'Open sesame' with a vengeance," I exclaimed. "How is it done?"

"Why, don't you see; I have placed across the drive a plate of iron like a shallow gutter; when I stop, the wheels pressing on this, cause it to sink slightly; this acting on levers and cranks underground, opens the gate; and a catch holds it so, until we pass over a similar one on the other side, which releases it, and the gate falls to."

"Well, that's very convenient."

"To be sure, it is; saves me a lodge and gatekeeper."

We now drove up to the house, where the groom was waiting to take the horse, and the housemaid was opening the door.

"Do you see, Mark; they had notice of our coming. When we stopped at the gate, the weight of the dogcart pressed two electric wires into contact, which, passing underground, rang one bell in the stable-yard, and another in the kitchen, so that when we arrive, the servants are ready to attend upon us."

We now entered the house. Miss Gradient met us in the hall, and I was introduced to her by her brother. I should never have supposed her to be Harry's sister, for she was tall and gaunt; and whether it was the blue spectacles or not, I cannot say, but she struck me as being frigid and severe; not at all the sort of person you would willingly care to offend. She, however, bade me welcome, asking me if I had a pleasant journey, &c.

As I was taking off my overcoat in the hall, I exclaimed: "Why, Harry, what on earth is that extraordinary-looking machine in the corner?" It looked something like a shower-bath without the curtains; attached to the upright supports were a number of crooked iron arms, and on the end of each a brush.

"Oh, that is my automaton brushing-machine. I will explain it you. You see, at the bottom there is a small platform about a foot high, when you step on this, it gradually descends, and as it does so, sets in motion a train of wheels and levers—you are, in fact, the weight, the motive-power which puts all in motion. All these arms with with the brushes begin to revolve, and brush you all over hat and all at once."

"Well, it is a very curious contrivance. I should like to see it in action," said I.

"That you shall soon do;" and he stepped on the little platform. All at once the clothes and shoe-brushes began to work vigorously; but the hat-machine did not come into action until the others had about half done their work; it then closed upon his hat, and spun round some fifteen or twenty times, and then flew apart, leaving him free to walk out.

"There!" said Harry. "What do you think of that? Jump up, and try it."

"No thank you," I said, and proposed going to my apartment.

"What a jolly large room!" said I, as I entered the one prepared for me.

"Yes; this was my poor old uncle's room, and for a year or two before he died he used it for a sitting-room as well as bedroom; but I have got a great deal to show you here. First of all, as it is getting dusk, I'll light the gas; that is done by electricity. I have got a quantity of batteries down in the cellar, and wires laid all over the house. Now see, I press in this ivory knob, which brings the wires into contact, and an electro-magnet turns the stop-cock, at the same moment, a spark passes across the gas-jet and ignites it. But that is not all. You see that bar on the ceiling above the lamp—well, it is composed of two metals, one of which expands by heat much more than the other; this causes it to bend when it gets hot; and as it does so, it acts on a lever and a rod above the ceiling, releasing a catch which holds open the shutters, and they immediately close with a spring; as they do this, they catch against a sort of trigger, which in its turn releases a weight, that runs down and draws the curtains."

Almost as he had finished speaking, the metal had become sufficiently heated by the now lighted gas, to act on the lever, and the shutters closed and the curtains drew themselves together as if by magic.

"That is very cleverly managed," said I. "But here is another knob with the letter A upon it; what is that for?"

"The A stands for alarm. I have one in each room, but have never required them yet. When either of them is pressed, a large alarm bell on the top of the house is set ringing by electricity, and it continues to ring until the electric power is turned off again."

"Well, you certainly do indeed abound in ingenious contrivances," I remarked, and he left me to prepare for dinner.

We had a very nice little dinner; and afterwards Harry explained to me some more of his inventions, and showed me his telegraphs, by which he communicated with his neighbors.

The evening was also passed very pleasantly, and as we were going up to bed, he bade me good night at the door, saying if I wanted anything I could speak to him through the tube, which was in my room. I was very soon in bed, and almost as soon asleep, and dreaming that I was in the train, and that the engine was shrieking madly. I awoke, and found Harry was blowing the whistle through the tube close by my ear. I drew out the whistle, and asked him what he wanted.

"Only to inquire if you are all right, and to say we breakfast at nine o'clock."

I answered rather pettishly, I am afraid: "I *was* all right, just now, for I was fast asleep. Good-night, old fellow; don't wake me up again."

It was all very well to say, don't wake me up again, but I could not go to sleep, do what I would. At length, after tossing and tumbling about, I determined to play Harry the same trick he had played me. I seized the tube, blew through it, and listened.

"Well? came the answer, in rather a sleepy tone.

"I can't go to sleep; I wish you would come to my room, or let me come to yours. I think you had better come here, and you can sleep in the little bed, as you proposed."

"*I!* I proposed nothing of the sort, and you know it, you base abandoned wretch! I shall tell my brother of your conduct in the morning."

O *horror!* I had caught up the wrong tube, and had been speaking to Miss Gradient. What should I do? I tried to explain. "My dear madam, I assure you it was all a mistake; I thought I was speaking to your brother." But I got no answer. "Madam," I said, "do you hear me?" Still no answer; she had evidently put down the tube, and would hear nothing more I had to say.

I threw myself back on the bed; large drops of cold perspiration stood on my forehead, as I thought of the awful muddle I had got into. Sleep was now not to be expected, and I longed for a glimmer of light. If those confounded shutters had not been closed there would have been a little. Then I made up my mind that I would feel my way to the window, and try and open the shutters. I got out of bed and felt my along the wall. The darkness and stillness were dreadful. At length finding the knob, I pushed it in; but no gas was lighted. Instead, I heard a terrific noise overhead; it was the alarm-bell. All the neighborhood would be aroused. What should I do? I did not in the least know how to stop it. I must try and find my way to Harry. As for the pipe, I could not be at all sure which was number one in the dark. In my hurry to find the door, I had just upset a table with a variety of things upon it, when Harry, who had heard the bell, burst into the room at the instant of the crash, and exclaimed: "What on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing," I cried. "If I could but stop this abominable bell! I was trying to light the gas, and pushed in the wrong knob."

"There," said Harry, when he had felt his way in; "I've stopped it. But I must now run down-stairs to the telegraphs. I can hear the bells ringing; the neighbors have heard the alarm, and are wanting to ask what is the matter;" and away went Harry, still leaving me in the dark.

He was gone, and I had not been able to explain. Should I do so through the pipe? No; I would not risk that; perhaps I might get hold of the wrong one again, and only make matters worse. I lay pondering for a long time what I should do. I was seized with an ardent desire to get away. I looked at my watch; it was four o'clock; why, it would soon be getting daylight. I consulted my time table, and found that there was an early train from the station where I got out last night. Only last night? Could it be? It seemed an age. Yes; I would make up my mind to go. I left a note for Harry, asking him to excuse my sudden departure, and begging him, whatever might be alleged against my moral character, to suspend his judgment until he had heard what I had to say, if we should ever meet again, and started down-stairs.

Presently I came to a pair of folding-doors covered with crimson baize. I pushed, they did not yield; but peering more closely, I saw a latch by which they were secured. I tried it; still the door would not open. There was another handle, and I put down my portmanteau to try this, when— "Oh! Oh! Ah! O-o-o-o-o! Murder! Thieves! Fire! Oh!" and so on, for about an hour, as it seemed to me, though I don't suppose it was really a minute. I was caught in the thief-trap that Harry had explained to me, but which I had forgotten. My fingers clutched violently at the handles, though I was all the time most anxious to rush away from them; but the muscles of my fingers were beyond my control, and I was suffering excruciating agony from the electric current, which was vibrating through me head to foot. At last the shaking ceased, and with it my cries and shouts, which I had kept up rigorously all the time, and I almost dropped into a chair which stood near. Then I saw and heard Harry, who was asking me how I came there.

"I was going away," I gasped. "I have been most miserable all night; but this is the climax; it has almost killed me. Pray, open the door, and I'll try and walk to the station."

"Nonsense!" cried Harry; "come along upstairs. I am very sorry you have been so bothered, but I'll make it all right."

"No; I shall never be happy here: you must let me go. I am very much obliged to you for your kind intentions; but what with tubes and bells, and knobs to push in, and handles to pull out, and batteries and coils, and one thing and another, I am almost driven out of my senses. Please, let me go, or I shall miss the early train."

"Only stay two minutes, until I can slip on my clothes, and I will walk to the station with you then."

"No; thank you; good-bye;" and I made the best of my way down the drive. I cautiously pushed the gate open with my foot, and carefully avoided touching the handle. When I got on the high-road, I breathed more freely, and hastened on to the railway station. I just managed to catch the early train; and in due time reached my modest lodgings. As I entered my snug little room, I said to myself: "Thank goodness, there is no cellar full of electric batteries with wires, and shocks laid on all over the house; and as for lighting the gas, I had rather do it with the humble lucifer, than with the most convenient ivory knob that was ever invented."

GARLIC FOR MOLES.—A lady of Carrollton, Illinois, where lilies and other bulbs were sorely injured by moles, now protects them entirely by planting garlic about the beds.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A STRANGE BATTLE.—A curious battle between a fox and a swan occurred some years ago in England at a place named Pewsey. The swan, sitting on her eggs on one side of the river, observed a fox swimming toward her from the opposite shore. Rightly judging she could best grapple with the fox in her native element, she plunged into the water, and after beating him off for some time with her wings, at length succeeded in drowning him.

AN EAST AFRICAN WIND.—This is called the Harmattan wind, and is something less agreeable, says a traveller, than one of our "nor-easters." During the prevalence of these winds I have frequently seen the furniture split, and articles which were veneered considerably damaged; the veneering in some cases being curled up like dried sheets of paper. Books left closed on the table at night would be found on the following morning completely opened, and each leaf standing up as if it had been highly stiffened with gum.

A CURIOUS TREE.—A curious peculiarity of the baobab tree, found in Africa and Madagascar, is that scarcely any injury will destroy it. Fire scorching the exterior does not impair its vitality. Nor can it be injured from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow. Even cutting down does not exterminate it, for it continues to grow in length while lying on the ground, and its roots, which reach forty and fifty yards from the trunk, retain their vitality. Although the tree attains an enormous age, Livingstone having examined one which he judged to be 1,400 years old, it is attacked by a disease which affects its woody structure, so in course of time its own weight causes it to fall into a mass of ruins.

LAW AGAINST FLIRTING.—Burke, in the History of Virginia, says: "I find that the Governor was obliged to issue a proclamation forbidding women to contract themselves to several men at one time. For women being yet scarce, and much in request, this offense was becoming very common; whereby great disquiet arose between parties and no small trouble to the Government. It was therefore ordered that the minister should give notice in his church that what woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage, to several persons at one time, although not precise and legal, yet so as might entangle or breed scruple in their consciences, should, for such offense, either undergo corporeal correction, or be punished by fine, or otherwise, according to the quality of the person so offending."

MUSIC AS A STIMULANT.—Alfieri, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after," a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of the theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bordaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which within a short interval he was to preach before the Court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together he would forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the Bar.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOREIGN YARDS.—A letter from abroad says: To the visitor from America there is a marvelous exposition of taste and industry in gardening, ornamental and useful, all about Paris. The least bit of a yard is turned into a shaded retreat. There are no barren back yards.

FALL PIGS.—Young fall pigs should have plenty of milk, and if the food is made milk-warm they will thrive the better for it. Small potatoes boiled and mashed in skimmed milk, with a little bran, will make them grow rapidly. Feed a little at a time and often. The young pig's stomach is very small, and over-feeding causes indigestion and prevents growth.

CARE OF POULTRY.—A correspondent says: A hen was driven from the nest, where she was sitting, by the myriads of lice on her. We found her drooping and weak, and rubbed powdered sulphur all through her feathers, and shut her up in a coop with three inches of dry ashes over the bottom. We have since been told that a little kerosene oil poured on the roost and in the nests will clear lice away; a little put on the body would do no harm, and would undoubtedly clear out the lice.

CABBAGE WORM.—Many persons reject the hydropathic treatment of the cabbage worm, because they fail in consequence of the water not being hot enough, or for the reason that they scald the plants by pouring it on too long. A quick dash from a sprinkling pot is what is required, and as to the temperature, a few trials on poor plants will give an observing person a practical knowledge so as to do it right.

FOOD IN WEEDS.—There is a good deal of nourishment in many of our weeds, and hogs will thrive on them; but, asks some one, don't the seed get into the manure and sow to the land again? Not if the manure is plied and worked over twice and allowed to heat between the working and again after the second working before spreading—the fermentation will effectually destroy the vitality of all seeds, and the manure made fine and mellow by the process.

BUTTER MAKING.—If we have made a discovery, or if everybody knew it before us, we will tell it all the same. As soon as the cream shows signs of "coming," pour into the churn two or three quarts of water—as near ice cold as it is possible—and the butter will gather a great deal quicker and come hard and firm. We tried the cold water on the start and found it made the cream too cold and kept the butter from coming, but put in at the last and it is a capital idea, and will save hours of churning in the course of the season. Butter will come in fifteen or twenty minutes, as a rule, if the cream is in the right condition and temperature.

NEW SCARECROW.—A very successful plan for a scarecrow has been tried by placing in Mr. Crow's way a number of grains with horse hair run through them. He is bound to swallow one, and his note of alarm is soon sounded. It is impossible for him to dislodge the grain, and if he be watched for a sufficient length of time he will be seen to cut his own throat by scratching at it. His usual note is changed, and I can assure you life to him is such a misery he would even wish he were dead. It has been noticed that after the note of alarm has been sounded, all the crows in the vicinity will leave that field and approach it no more that season. It is a simple thing, yet all who try it will find it a success.

BARNYARD AND PASTURE.—The saving of trouble is not the only nor the principal reason why it is better to have the barnyard and pasture connected. If the yard opens directly in the pasture, or into the lane leading thereto, so that the cows can go and come at will, they will make their way leisurely to and from the barn. This is a matter concerning not only their comfort, but also their health. In very hot weather, such as we have sometimes in summer, cows are often injured by being driven too fast on their way to the pasture, or from the pasture to the barn. The boys who do the driving on many farms, are in haste to get through with their work at night, and are very likely to hurry the cows too much.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime has now been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and appreciation. This could not be the case unless the preparation was of high intrinsic value. The combination of the Phosphate of Lime with pure Cod-Liver Oil, as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has produced a new phase in the treatment of Consumption and all diseases of the Lungs. This article can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the disgusting nausea which is such an objection to the Cod-Liver Oil when taken without Lime. It is prescribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and by all druggists.

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HOUSEHOLD GRAVES.

In ocean's deep unfathomed caves,
The ones I loved are sleeping now;
In coral cells, beneath the waves,
Drifts tangled seaweed round each brow;
In flowery dell, on green hillside,
Their graves are scattered far and wide.

Some laid them down in manhood's pride,
In life's bright morn, like golden sheaves;
And some in girlhood's beauty died,
As fade the early autumn leaves.
No sculptured marble leaves a trace
To mark their quiet resting place.

Where willows wave, or droops the lime,
'Neath gorgeous hues of sunset sky,
Severed afar in many a clime,
The heart's beloved treasures lie:
With white hands clasped o'er pulseless breast,
The angels know their place of rest.

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"Please to make yourselves at home, gentlemen. No one shall intrude on you," said the new master of the house, with such a pitiful look of discomfort that the lawyer could not help smiling. "I beg you will act as you always have done here. I'm all abroad yet, and can't quite express myself as I would."

"Have you no thought for your affianced wife, Mr. Bellairs?" asked Arthur.

"Poor Mrs. Pincher! her sworn was very real. I am afraid your elevation to fortune will only bring sorrow to her."

"Unless you are magnanimous enough to keep your word at the expense of your wealth," Mr. Montagu suggested. "A faithful heart is worth more than fortune, sentimental folks say. Perhaps Mrs. Pincher is worth more than Whiteladies to you."

"That's between her and me," Bellairs replied. "I'm going to speak to her now. It was a shock to her, more than it was to me, for she knew nothing."

He got out of the room somehow, more awkwardly by far than when he was a servant, coming and going at the bidding of others, and Mr. Montagu looked after him with a contemptuous smile.

"I'd give something to make an unseen third at his interview with Mrs. Pincher," he said, in a low tone, "because there is a mystery in this thing in spite of the legality of that will, and it lies between those two. Because——Arthur, my good lad, my dear boy—for heaven's sake don't do that. It never helped man, woman, or child out of a scrape yet. There, take a glass of wine."

For Arthur Dallas's head was bowed down on his clasped hands, and he was sobbing out his passion of disappointment and despair in short, gasping sobs that seemed as if they would choke him.

It was not the money nor the position, nor dear old Whiteladies, even, that he was mourning with such wild cries, but Mabel.

His broken hopes and fallen fortunes were all linked with the memory of her, and he realized now what an impassable gulf was between them.

He had nerved himself before the man who had supplanted him and the wondering servants, and spoken and looked as though the news had affected him but little. But now, alone with his aunt's old friend and his own, the pent up feeling must have way. It was only for a minute or two, and then he raised his head and smiled.

"I think that the letter which your aunt entrusted to me held the clue to it all."

"But she destroyed it, evidently."

"H'm! I'm not so sure that she did."

"Do you think Bellairs——"

"Not so loud, my boy. We must speak of this thing with the utmost caution. I am inclined to believe Mr. Bellairs spoke the truth when he said he knew nothing about the will, but I am not so sure of his veracity about the letter. I have an idea he knows where it is, if not what its contents are."

"You do not know?"

"I hav'n't a notion, beyond a belief that it is something which will seriously interfere with Mr. Bellairs' future proceedings. Your aunt refused to answer any questions on the subject."

"What is to be done?"

"Wait."

"The hardest thing to do."

"And watch."

"Equally hard, unless I could be here on the spot and see all that goes on. I have it, Montagu!"

"Have what?"

"An idea. I will watch what goes on. I will stay here!"

"Here?"

"In any way in which the new master will have me. I must do something. I have no trade at my fingers' ends, and I know all about the estate. Why should I not be steward to the new master of Whiteladies?"

"You could not bear it."

"I could bear anything that would give me a chance of hope once more. The very thought that I might detect the villainy that must be at the bottom of all this, and so win my way back to Mabel and happiness, will help me on."

"But the position—your neighbors—the people you know in Kingcolm?"

"Will all know that I am a beggar through no fault of my own. If they cut me because I choose to earn my living as that man's steward, their friendship and countenance is not worth much."

Mr. Montagu thought for a few minutes, and the more he thought the more feasible the scheme appeared.

If there really was anything to discover, it would be more surely done by someone constantly about Bellairs than in any other way. Somehow he felt sure that the letter which was to have been entrusted to him again had not been destroyed, and that Mrs. Dallas's late butler knew something about it. He had no proof to back his belief, and Bellairs denied any knowledge of it, so he was powerless to act in any way in the matter.

While he and Arthur were discussing the affair, Bellairs had gone in search of Mrs. Pincher. He had been on thorns ever since he had seen her fall fainting from her chair to get an opportunity of speaking to her alone.

He had his own particular reasons for being anxious to see her before she had time to bewail the hard conditions of the will to her fellow servants. She had the womanly fault of being too free with her tongue, and she might say many damaging things before she was quite collected in her wits.

In spite of his perturbation it was very pleasant to feel the new and strange respect with which he was treated when he went to the servants' part of the house. The girls curtseyed and the men bowed, and even the housekeeper, Mrs. Catlin, his equal only a few hours before, made a stately reverence to him and called him "sir."

He received their homage awkwardly enough, as a common man must who is suddenly elevated to a position he can neither comprehend nor fill with dignity. But he did not seem unduly elated, and sat down in Mrs. Catlin's room with much of his old manner.

"How is Mrs. Pincher?" he said.

"Indeed, she seems very poorly," the housekeeper replied. "It was a great shock to her, you see."

"To more than her, Mrs. Catlin," he replied, wiping his face. "How has she borne it since she came to herself? What has she said about it?"

"Not a great deal. All her thoughts seem to be about you. She wrings her hands and says she has ruined you."

"Not quite. Is that all she said? Nervous people say many wild and incoherent things sometimes when they faint. Do they not?"

"Yes, they do. But she didn't, poor thing, that I heard. It's a dreadful thing to stand between a man and his fortune as she does now."

"I don't know that she does, madam. The property makes a great difference. I will speak to Mrs. Pincher. I have no doubt she will think I take the correct view of the case."

"Do you mean to say you won't marry her, after keeping company for so many years?"

"I have no intention of acting in direct opposition to my respected mistress's wishes," Bellairs rejoined gravely.

"I couldn't do such a heartless thing for the world," said Mrs. Catlin, warmly. "The money won't bring a blessing if you break that poor creature's heart to keep it."

"I don't think anything so terrible will happen," Bellairs returned, wincing visibly at her outspoken words. "I shall make compensation to Mrs Pincher of course, but I shall not marry her now. She will not wish it."

"There hasn't been much love lost between you then," Mrs. Catlin said to herself, as the *ci devant* butler left the room at a summons from the house maid, who said, "Mrs. Pincher can see you now, sir," with immense respect, and then retired giggling at the awkward look with which the new title was received.

Mrs. Pincher had a little sitting-room of her own, where much of her late mistress's wardrobe had been kept, and here her frigid lover found her, very white and sorrowful looking, but recovered from her fainting fit.

She started from her seat as he came in and would have put her arms round his neck, but he repulsed her, not roughly, but coldly.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," he said. "Sit down. What have you been saying?"

"Nothing. 'Oh, James! what shall we do? What shall we do?'"

"Do! What you have to do is to hold your tongue. It is all right."

"All right! Oh, James!"

"I tell you it is. If you speak one word I'll make you remember it to your dying day. Hold your peace and you shall live like a lady."

"I'll try. But, oh, James! how can I? Here in the same house with you and never to speak! I——"

He grasped her by the wrist, roughly enough this time, and the words died upon her tongue.

"In this house!" he repeated. "Are you mad? Do you think I am going to let you stay here, that we could live under the same roof without scandal when all the country knows we have been engaged for years, and should have been man and wife but for that will."

"I cannot go away, James. My heart will break."

"No, it won't. Now listen to me. Do as I wish, and you shall have all that you can desire—a comfortable home and money to keep it up."

"But not you?"

"Not always. No. I sha'n't forget you—be sure of that, and I'll make a lady of you as long as you obey me. If you don't—if one word passes your lips that can do me harm—I'll never see or speak to you again. You should never be my wife. I swear it!"

"Give me time, James. Let me think. My head is in a whirl."

"Sleep on it, my woman. We will settle it all to-morrow. But, mind, not a word."

It was lucky for Mr. Bellairs that Mr. Montagu did not make a third at this odd interview. He might have seen daylight in it somewhere.

Mrs. Pincher recovered sufficiently before bedtime to go and chat with Mrs. Catlin. She cried a good deal, but she told the housekeeper she should go away at once. She had given up, of course, all hope of marrying Mr. Bellairs.

"He's a grand gentleman now," she said, "and of course the money's more to him than I am. It's natural."

"No, it isn't," Mrs. Catlin retorted, "and he's a worthless wretch, though he has come into the money, and I shouldn't mind if he heard me say it."

The two gentlemen in the library were served with dinner, and waited on as respectfully as though nothing had been altered in the house.

Bellairs did not appear, and when they had finished they sent a polite message requesting a word with him.

He came, wondering, and was not a little startled by what the lawyer had to say to him. It was nothing more nor less than a proposal that Arthur Dallas should remain at Whiteladies as his steward or secretary.

"Mr. Dallas has to seek employment," the lawyer said. "You will need some one at your elbow for a time at least. He knows the estate and the people on it, and would help you to an acquaintance with both more pleasantly and quickly than any other man. Think it over, and if you like the idea make a bargain with him."

"I couldn't," said Bellairs, to whom the proposal seemed like a ray of light through thick darkness, for he was in mortal terror over his prospects of business already. "If Mr. Dallas would stay as a guest—as master—for a little while, I——"

"I can only stay as your paid servant," Arthur said, quietly. "If you will have me I will do my utmost to further your interests, Mr. Bellairs. Think of it, and let me know before I leave in the morning."

CHAPTER IX.

NO ANSWER.

It was a nine days' wonder in Kingcolm-on-the-Sea when the news got about of the extraordinary events which had happened at Whiteladies, and of the curious disposition Mrs. Dallas had made of her property.

It gave the good people something to think about, the like of which they had never had before. The old lady had been eccentric, but she had never been suspected of being so eccentric as this.

To leave her nephew—her only relation—almost unmentioned in her will, and leave her estate and her money to a servant—a man whose wildest ambition hitherto had been to keep a public house with Mrs. Pincher for landlady! It was amazing, and the talk on the subject was tremendous.

All sorts of stories were afloat, and Mr. Grigg, who had made the strange will, became quite a hero, and had more dinners to eat and social evenings to spend at his friends' houses than had ever fallen to his lot before.

He had not much to tell, for he had literally done nothing but write the will at the dictation of the deceased lady, knowing no more of her reasons for the odd bequest than anyone else, but he made up for his ignorance by professing extreme mystery, and hinting that there were reasons why his lips were sealed. He managed to let every one infer, though he never actually stated the fact, that Arthur Dallas's engagement with Mabel Leslie had something to do with it, and Kingcolm was satisfied with the explanation.

As to the present state of affairs at Whiteladies it was far from satisfactory to the good folks who mind their neighbor's business and neglect their own. James Bellairs, the butler, was master, and Arthur Dallas, who should have been the heir, was actually staying on in the house as his secretary and managing man!

It was mean spirited, everyone declared. The young man should have turned his back on the neighborhood, and not have cringed to the new owner of the place like that. Surely there was money to be earned in other ways than by serving his aunt's old butler. So said the Kingcolm gossips, with but little idea of what weighty reasons the young man had for not leaving Whiteladies just now.

He heard a good deal of the gossip that was going about, and the sting went home. It was a bitter experience—how bitter no one but himself would ever know, and he folded his robe over his wound, like the Spartan boy in the fable, and went his way in uncomplaining silence.

It was hard to serve where he had been master, and to see and endure the ignorant arrogance of the man whose wages he took, and it was harder still to feel that with his lost position had gone the esteem and friendship of many whom he deemed other than fair weather acquaintances; but he had hope to sustain him, and he clung to it through all.

He was a little paler and graver than he had been wont to be, when the world was all bright before him, but he was the same well-dressed, courteous gentleman as ever. No one ever dared to mention the subject of his reverse before him. He absolutely refused to discuss it with anyone.

His aunt had a perfect right to do as she pleased, was his reply to those who had mentioned the matter in his hearing, and as he had his living to earn it was as well to earn it at Whiteladies as anywhere else.

He kept all his sincere friends—real friendship does not evaporate with a man's fortune—and of these Mr. Montagu was the firmest.

There were many times when Arthur would have broken down utterly but for his advice and counsel in his new and strange position.

Bellairs had behaved very well in the matter. He had taken the night to think of it, and then told Arthur he should be glad of his help.

"If you can stomach it, sir, that is," he said. "It's a terrible thing for you, there's no denying it; and there's no denying either that I shall want coaching up in many things, and maybe you'd do it kinder like than a stranger."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Bellairs," Arthur replied, "for you and Whiteladies. Will you settle about terms and so forth with Mr. Montagu? I don't feel as though I could enter into the subject."

"Take a little time to shake down sir," Bellairs said, with well-meant gentleness. "Don't think about it for a day or two. Choose your rooms and Mrs. Catlin shall send your meals to you. You'll like that better than with me, may be."

"You are very good," was all that Arthur could say; and he escaped to his own room, feeling that he should break down utterly if he stayed any longer with Mr. Bellairs.

He felt that his aunt's old servant was acting toward him with all the generosity he was capable of; but it took a sharp struggle with himself, to enable him to bear it.

He was most thankful for the suggestion that he should have his meals apart. To sit at the same table with James Bellairs and see him fill the chair he had stood behind so lately would have been more than he could bear.

He fought the trouble out with himself, and in two days he was ready to begin his new duties.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Various rumors come from abroad that we are to receive essential changes in the style and form of our dresses. For a long time the dress has been worn very clinging, and it cannot be denied, that to all good feminine figures such a garment is more becoming than some of the styles it replaced, and inasmuch as it partially serves the ends of both beauty and utility it seems a pity to discard it, unless something very much better is substituted.

Among these predictions is one which promises the return of the panier worn in the time of Marie Antoinette, and familiar to us as the style of the more recent period of ten years ago.

There may be no foundation for these rumors which are said to perplex the mind of all those who rule the destinies of our garments, consigning to oblivion the favorite of to-day, while bringing forward something which reigned with supremacy in days gone by; but the same repetition which comes in the revolving wheel of events, is found in the annals of fashion; and in greeting the new we may be very sure it is the old in some new guise, or new name, which lends it an air of novelty.

The chief feature of this change is the short costume, which establishes a model decidedly different in its style and character from that of the long dress with train, which is reserved for house wear.

As an illustration of the favor with which short dresses are received, a chroniqueur reports that a dead set has been made against ladies' trains in Prague. First, they imposed a tax of 20 florins a year upon any lady wearing a train to her dress, and now a society has been formed, the members of which engage to have a list upon which, during their wanderings, they will inscribe the name of any lady who is guilty of the offence; they vow to marry no lady who is a train-bearer, and the members call themselves the "Silent Association."

It is scarcely probable that the introduction of such an association is necessary to establish the popularity of the short costume with us, for one need but glance at our now crowded thoroughfares to see how many partisans the fashion has, and among the Fall importations the variety of short costumes is among the most attractive by its charming variety of material and arrangement.

The new materials for Autumn wear are very pretty,—soft and pliable for the graceful loopings that will be used in short dresses. I think the "coatings," as they are termed, will be among the most popular. These I described in my last, and although not then exhibited in large quantity, they now form a prominent feature in the shop attractions.

At a distance they present a soft nuance of some color like a faint shadowy blue, dark gray, or garnet, or green, or brown, while a closer inspection shows these colors, one of which predominates, interwoven in irregular tiny checks. They seem to be particularly adapted to the prevailing style of making the walking dresses—with coat and vest.

In addition to these are the Clan plaids in small broken checks of dark colors in which faint lines of garnet, red, blue, or orange are seen.

Probably the most popular model for these materials which are especially intended for street wear, is the coat with vest and draped overskirt, with short narrow underskirt. The underskirt is from two and three-quarters to three yards wide, and is trimmed with a kilted flounce from ten to twelve inches deep, the pleats are over an inch deep, and a narrow bias band is stitched on at the top. This style seems better adapted to heavy woollen goods and plaids, but still one sees box-pleated and narrow knife-pleated ruffles. Gathered flounces are not so much used, save in connection with a pleated one, which falls over it.

The overskirt has the straight back breadths, looped here and there to form graceful folds, somewhat suggestive of the return of the bouffant style; the front forms an apron, which may be long or short, and draped in irregular loose folds. A pretty style is one which drapes these folds on one side only, while the other hangs plain and buttoned half way, buttons and simulated buttonholes being continued to the bottom.

Bias folds of some contrasting material are used next as a trimming, in which case the contrast is maintained in the vest and rest of the trimmings.

The *fanesse* tonic is still used, but with many modifications, in which a contrasting material is ingeniously used to form odd effects.

Another model, in which the material was fine checked woollen goods, had the whole front of the skirt in kilt pleats, the front of the overskirt turned back in revers of a contrasting material, and the back looped only. The bodice was pleated in a yoke, and worn with a wide belt, without any basque. For the overskirts of cloth suits the most popular trimming seems to be machine stitching in several rows.

The coat basque has a vest front, separate or simulated, from which it slopes away or is buttoned from the waist to the open revers, the vest is longer than formerly, and is buttoned smoothly down to the bottom, which may be cut up in V shape or perfectly straight across In order to keep the long vest and coat front smoothly fitted over the stomach, it is weighted in the facing near the edge with the round beads that have hitherto been used only in the back of basques; the whalebones are also made very long, almost to the ends of the darts, to assist in keeping the front from wrinkling or turning up. The back of the basque is long and broad, and the ends have a square look. The side forms are most usually short, beginning in the armhole; there are still dresses made with long seams beginning in the shoulder seam, but these do not have the stylish coat appearance. The seam down the middle is invariably seen; the short side form seams are wide apart at the waist. Two buttons are placed at the waist line, or else a few inches below it. The three seams of the back are left open below the waist, and the two middle forms are widened there, and each is made into a broad box pleat. Another style is to fill in each of these three open seams with figured velvet like that used in the vest, pointing it toward the top; still another plan is to close the seams and put a triangular revers of velvet on two of them. The lower edge of the coat and vest is simply piped or faced. The standing collar is high and of the material of the vest. For ornamenting the waist is another collar that is of round or square yoke shape behind, and extends low on the front with concave sides and square corners, or else it curves to a point at the waist line. The shoulder seams are short, and the tight coat sleeves stand out at the top like those on gentlemen's coats; the armholes are not corded. Cuffs are merely bias bands of velvet piped with silk or with satin. The buttons are flat ivory, pearl or wood, inlaid or carved, and are about the size of a silver dime for the front and sleeves; the same design on larger buttons is used for the back of the dress.

Another trimming which I must not omit mentioning as especially adapted to cloth dresses, is braid, narrow and wide, in some of which tinsel is visible. For example, a navy blue cloth was trimmed on the skirt with five rows of silver braid, and the tunic, similarly ornamented, was draped at the back in the Renaissance style; Huguenot bodice, opening over a very long waistcoat, striped on the cross with silver braid, and fastened with filagreed silver buttons; the collar on the bodice was very high, and turned over. The narrow sleeves were braided with slanting lines of silver, and were slashed at the elbow and wrist with dark blue silk. The toque was grayish blue straw, with a band of dark blue velvet; two thick feathers curled over the crown, and a blue bow turned the toque up at the side.

Basques with which the vest is omitted are made very long back and front, and cut upward on the hips. I may add that the polonaise will still hold a position of popularity with many, differing in its more bouffant drapery from the plain undraped style.

Mantles will be very large, with three seams behind and long fronts. While on the subject of mantles I may mention a fact which may prove quite acceptable. In order to avoid packing away garments which remain in stock at the beginning of a new season, merchants frequently prefer to sell them at a great reduction, and it is the opportunity for one to secure a handsome outside garment of a style which will do good service long before the fashion becomes *passe*. Mr. Wanamaker has adopted this plan and has on hand some rare and admirable bargains, among which I noticed the following: Cloth and camel's hair sacques in the light and dark beige shades, long and slightly fitting the figure, trimmed with handsome buttons on the back seams and fronts, also silk cuffs and revers, which in the early season were marked $18 and $20, are now offered at the low price of $6. Dolmans, or visites, in light shades of gray or brown camel's hair and fancy cloth, trimmed with silk passementerie and fringe, are reduced from $42 to $20. Another, with gray plush bands and fringe, from $23 to $12. In silk cloaks there is the same reduction, those at $38 are marked $20. A very elegant sacque of heavy silk, handsomely trimmed with lace and passementerie on net, was marked from $61 to $40. Another one, trimmed with very rich ostrich feather bands and heavy fringe, was reduced from $70 to $35; while still another was reduced from $36 to $18. The cloth sacques and Dolmans seemed extraordinarily cheap for such well made and stylish garments.

In my next I will discuss more fully the novelties in dress materials and bonnets, which by that time will be quite generally established for the season.

Our Fireside Chat.

Something More About Decorative Needlework.—Monograms have become so essential an addition to house and table-linen, that I give a few hints for my second article on the subject. One of the styles most in vogue at present is termed the "Imperial Cipher." The embroidery is in satin-stitch, and may either be colored or white, the latter being perhaps the most elegant. Colored ingrain cottons are, however, extensively used, and the choice between the two is a mere matter of opinion, now that fashion has introduced the use of color in house-linen; a great improvement, there can be no doubt, as we resort to colored glass as a means of supplying the needful relief to the spotless, cold-looking white of the table cloth.

The initial letter of the family name is sometimes doubled to make a pretty monogram. The dots in the monogram may be worked in red, yellow, or blue cotton; a little shading of either of the colors chosen may also be put in where marked on the design.

The modern "institution" of afternoon or five o'clock tea has added another item to the list of house-linen in daily use. But so many are the flights of fancy in this direction, that both space and time forbid me to mention the various styles of decoration applied to the cloths in use at that most pleasant refreshment.

Crewel-work in flowers, and other designs, has been long a favorite mode; the most recent application being the outline-stitch, described in my former article on this subject.—"Embroidered House and Table Linen."

The outline stitch which I have mentioned is used to trace the pattern twice in lines about half an inch apart. The flowers are outlined and then worked in the centre with cross-barred lines of crewel, caught down with a stitch at the points where the lines meet, and kept firmly in place to form a little lattice-like pattern.

A design on a table-cloth was in two shades of blue, a dark and a light, like the old blue china of the well-known willow-pattern.

Small fringed serviettes, generally embroidered with a pattern to match the table-cloth, are used at five o'clock tea. The design is traced in the centre. One of the most recent ideas for these is the figures or rhymed stories, or nursery tales, which are outlined in black floscie.

The School of Art Needlework at Kensington, London, has been famous for some time past for the outline figures, done mostly on linen, and intended for wall decorations, which have been executed from the designs of Walter Crane, William Morris, and Burne Jones. These figures are life-size, and sometimes larger, the color of the outlines being one or two shades of brown. In a smaller way these outlined figures are used for the borders of mantel-pieces, brackets, and cupboard fronts, the ground being an unbleached linen, of a darkish shade, the outlines done in blue floscie.

For these borders, Greek, Mediæval, or Anglo-Saxon figures are the favorite designs; a central figure of a monarch, or a Greek temple, with attendants bearing gifts, or worshippers' offerings, on either side.

The effect is very good, and the outlines easily worked when once traced on the material.

A wedding-present, recently made for a gentleman of sporting propensities, was a mantel-piece border and fire-place curtains in gray unbleached linen, the outside embroidery executed in two very near shades of blue floscie. They were intended for the decoration of a smoking-room in a country house.

The designs, taken from a cornice of the public baths of Pompeii, represent a chariot-race of Cupids, and Cupids on horseback. The first is repeated several times, on the border, and the two little figures on horseback between, which are likewise used as powderings, and dotted over the curtains at intervals.

This idea shows how easily any one possessing a little taste and skill may adapt drawings and prints in books to needle-work decoration.

Within the last few months some clever workwoman has embroidered the ordinary inexpensive brown and gray blankets, with designs of sunflowers and other large leaves and flowers in out-line, with the idea of using them for portieres. They have been very successful, many ladies having adopted them, especially for bed-room doors, where they add to both the comfort and appearance of the room.

Some taste is required in adapting the colors, as if too bright the portiere blanket becomes vulgar. The leaves of the sunflower are worked in a kind of satin stitch, the centre being crossed with threads of crewel held down in the manner I have described in the blue five o'clock tea-cloth.

Besides these, the white blankets of the best and nearliest manufacture are constantly embroidered in various ways, and a very recent addition to our list of decorated house-linen are quilts of colored or unbleached sheeting. These counterpanes are very pretty when embroidered with effective crewel designs, and form a pleasant change from the usual white ones, or the colored chints coverings, like the bed furniture, which are surely the very ugliest of ugly things.

Another piece of work forms a hanging curtain behind a wash stand, to prevent the splashing of the wall by the soapy water, in which the material used is linen, the outlines may be traced in brown or blue crewels, according to fancy; the linen itself is ravelled for the fringe, and a line of fancy coral stitch may be worked entirely round the curtain. The monogram may be executed either in satin-stitch or in outlines. A small brass or wooden rail is fixed to the wall behind the wash stand, and rings are sewn to the curtain. It should hang quite straight, without fulness or plaiting.

We owe to Mediæval taste the present passion for mixing up animals, birds, imps, and monsters in our embroidery with flowers and leaves.

Birds, when well drawn and colored, form very pretty designs for antimacassars, borders, and hangings; but nothing would induce me to think a lion, a tiger, or an elephant a pleasant object on which to pillow one's head.

Sideboard cloths of white damask or fine linen, have the ends alone ornamented with embroidery, in color, in chain, or cross stitch. The ends are fringed out and divided, and tied at regular intervals, to imitate a regular fringe; a few bands of drawn work or hem stitching are very pretty also. If the two or three-tiered "dressoir" of the Middle Ages should return to fashion, and be extensively used in place of its modern substitute, the sideboard, two or three of these cloths will be required to dress it properly.

It certainly seems a pity that there should be no place at present on which to display the store of handsome glass and china which exists in most households, and is never shown nor used except at large dinner and supper parties.

If I remember rightly, the Mediæval dressoir was raised on steps, each step denoting an advance in rank. Thus, three steps were allowed to the royal family, two to the nobility, and one denoted the ordinary gentry.

I have recently had a description of some towels copied from Mediæval models, executed for the Imperial Crown Princess of Prussia. They each consisted of a simple length of fine diaper or huckaback, hemmed at each end. A row of a cross-stitch pattern was worked in blue ingrain cotton at one end, while at the other, in the right hand corner, were the initials, the number, and the date in cross-stitch marking, with the same colored cotton. The effect is very pretty and quite novel.

Now that marking with cotton has been so long out of fashion, I think a few instructions on the art may be requisite to help my readers do it themselves. Children are best taught to mark on canvas, and should have a sampler, which may be from six to eight inches square. Two threads are generally taken each way, one thread being left between each letter of a large-sized alphabet; and one thread only, with one thread between each letter, for a small one. The canvas used should be fine, not "Penelope canvas" on any account, the division into squares of threads rendering that kind unsuitable. In marking on linen, two or four, or if very fine indeed, eight threads should be left between the letters.

The old method of arranging the marks was to place the number of the article on the top, and the initials on the centre line, the date following last, thus:

8.
E. A. B.
1878.

The first initial stood for the gentleman's Christian name, the second for the lady's, the last for the surname of both. Modern taste prescribes the initials of the master of the house only, or the initial letter of the surname alone.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

M., (Worcester, Mass.)—We could not recommend a young lady to marry a young man who is subject to fits.

DARK-EYES, (Tallahassee, Fla.)—We cannot give any recipe to cure blushing, except mingling in society.

S., (Toland, Conn.)—Washing the hands with club-moss is the only means of checking their perspiration.

H. G., (Windsor, Vt.)—A lady ought always to take a gentleman's arm in walking; for him to take hers would be vulgar.

RUSTICUS, (Chester, Pa.)—"Power of Attorney" is authority given by one person to another to transact business in his name.

J. H., (Phila., Pa.)—Comedienne is pronounced as nearly as possible koh-me-dee-enn; and tragedienne as trah-zhe-dee-enn.

C. M. K., (Charleston, W. Va.)—The story was received. It is hardly of sufficient merit for our columns, however, and is therefore respectfully declined.

SUBSCRIBER, (Allentown, Pa.)—You evidently know so very little on the subject, that you had much better consult a stock-broker on all the points mentioned.

MARY, M., (Crawford, Wis.)—It is quite evident that the young gentleman in question is still very much attached to the young lady in spite of the misunderstanding.

INJURIOUS, (Osage, Kans.)—We have carefully looked over your statement, and believe that you have a good ground of action against your landlord for illegal seizure.

T. Y., (Utica, N. Y.)—You cannot very well cure yourself of knock-knees at eighteen years; neither can you change the color of your auburn hair, except by dyeing it.

R. P., (Monroe, Mich.)—Leather may be cleaned as follows: Dissolve a small quantity of oxalic acid in warm water, and wash the article with a sponge dipped in the solution.

S. D., (Holmes, O.)—The cork-tree is a species of the oak. It is very hardy. It grows in great abundance in the mountainous parts of Spain, in France, and very freely in America.

VOX, (London, Ont.)—It is impossible to tell you what you should do with your voice. It is, in fact, a sort of medical question—not answerable by correspondence. See the best singing master in your locality.

T. L. P., (Trentham, Mass.)—Gentlemen are not in the habit of wearing engagement rings; so it is perfectly useless to ask "what finger should be used for the engagement ring," when the male sex is concerned.

RUTH E., (Hartford, Conn.)—Young ladies begin to wear earrings at the age of twelve or thirteen years. All the other points of your letter are mere matters of taste, for which there are no established rules.

P. X., (Pequimans, N. C.)—If two years have elapsed during which the gentleman has paid you marked attention, it is high time that he avowed his attachment, and if not, his further visits should be discouraged.

JULIA, (Glassboro, Pa.)—It is very indiscreet, if not absolutely indelicate, for a young lady to seek to obtain an introduction to a young gentleman whose appearance has pleased her, but to whom she is a perfect stranger.

C., (Slabb, Ky.)—Take plenty of exercise, be careful with your diet, and use cold water, white curd soap, and a tolerably coarse towel for the face, in order to improve the complexion, and bring a bloom to the cheeks.

ELLEN, (Houston, Miss.)—We think the young man you speak of deserves being rewarded with a wife for the great attention he has paid for so many months. As you are but seventeen, there is yet time to add an inch or so to your stature.

SUBSCRIBER, (Wellsville, Mo.)—West Point Military Academy was established in the year 1794. As it was not any more than Rome built in a day, you can perceive that it is impossible for us to tell you the "exact month and the day" of its erection.

K. O., (Mason, W. Va.)—The city of Rome, the fame of which extended through the known world, was at first only a mile in circumference, and peopled principally by persons who fled thither from other places for refuge from slavery, oppression, or deserved punishment.

SAM, (St. Augustine, Fla.)—Ponce de Leon, a Spaniard, who discovered this part of the southern portion of North America, in 1513, named it Florida in commemoration of the day he landed there, which was Pasqua de Flores, or Feast of Flowers, otherwise known as Easter Sunday.

SCHOLAR, (Lancaster, Pa.)—Kepler promulgated three laws of planetary motion: 1. That the squares of the times are as the cubes of the distances. 2. That a planet moves through equal areas in equal times; and, 3. That the planets describe elliptical orbits with the sun in one of the foci.

VIOLIN, (Franklin, Me.)—The first composer who tried his hand at setting an opera to music was Francisco Bandrino, an Italian artist; and the piece to which he lent the charm of a melodious accompaniment was the "Conversion of St. Paul," which was brought out at Rome in 1600.

IGNORAMUS, (Warrenton, Va.)—In answering unmarried ladies, it is correct to say "yes, madam," and "no, madam." In writing to a lady, whether married or single, where you are not sufficiently familiar to use more intimate terms of address, "Dear madam," or "My dear madam," would be a good style.

FAITHFUL READER, (Cedar Vale, Kansas.)—We think that you ought to follow the dictates of your own heart, and marry the farmer. Tell your parents plainly that you cannot love the man they have chosen for you, and under the circumstances we think they will yield to your wishes. 2. Your handwriting and spelling would both admit of considerable improvement.

E. A., (Yuba, Cal.)—A daughter should always treat her parents with gentleness and respect; and when her own convictions of right and duty, in combination with her attachments elsewhere, compel her to act contrary to their wishes, she should do so more in sorrow than in anger, and strive, by marked exhibitions of love and filial regard, to mitigate, as far as possible, the pain which the necessitated variance cannot possibly fail to give her parents.

H. H., (Phila., Pa.)—It is a fact that the practice of taking notes during the delivery of a lecture, prevents the writer from paying so much attention to the subject as he would if he were only listening and having his eye on the speaker. The mind is engaged in aiding the mechanical work of note writing, and receives less impression from the subject matter of the discourse, while laboring to catch the words of the lecturer.

WINNEMILLER, (Hancock, Ind.)—"Old Parr," the person to whom the allusion refers, was Thomas Parr, son of John Parr, of Winnington, in the parish of Alderbury, in Shropshire, Eng., who was born in 1483, in the reign of Edward IV., and resided in the Strand, London, in 1635, and consequently was one hundred and fifty-two years and some odd months old. He lived in the reigns of ten kings and queens, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

JEANETTE, (Venango, Pa.)—If your lover is at all of an enterprising disposition, he will find some means of rendering himself independent of parental influence, and carry out his promise to you, and it is not at all unlikely that when his parents find he can do so without their assistance, they will discover sufficient merit in you to overlook your present poverty, and rejoice that their son has procured a good wife.

PERPLEXED, (Jacksonville, Fla.)—The girl acted wisely and dutifully in refusing to leave her father in his declining years. The fact that her intended husband changed his mind as he did with respect to the proposal that the father should live with, or near the newly-married couple, and broke off the engagement rather than carry it into effect, may be accepted as a proof that he was not deeply attached, and the union would scarcely have brought happiness.

F. W. C., (Union, La.)—Simon Fraser (Lord Lovat) was executed on Tower Hill, on Thursday, the 9th of April, 1747, for aiding the cause of Prince Charles Edward, in 1745. This was the last person judicially beheaded in England. 2. The memory should be trained to act as a sieve, to let the dust drop and retain the solid material. The recollection should not be overburdened. Select what you wish to remember, and discard all that is worthless.

H. H. H., (Washington, D. C.)—The public debt of Europe was divided as follows in 1876: France, $4,467,971,400; Prussia, $729,675,375; Italy, $2,000,000,000; Russia, $1,234,800,000; Spain, $2,439,000,000; Turkey, $927,000,000; Great Britain, $3,884,853,720. These are the heaviest debts, and they bear hardest on Turkey, Italy, Russia and Spain. While some of the debts may have slightly decreased in the last two years, others have greatly increased, as in the case of Russia and Turkey.

W. C., (Monroe, Wis.)—Your fellow-workman, who saves his money and goes to church, and refuses to join you in your Sunday excursions, and spends his evenings at home reading, is wiser than all the rest of you put together, and can very well afford to pass by the raillery with which you try to drive him out of his chosen course. If a young man, instead of thus laying up a part of his wages and improving his time, squanders both, or nearly all of them, in frivolous amusements, or any vicious or imprudent pursuits, he may calculate upon remaining a journeyman for life.

PHILIP, (Clay, N. C.)—Smoking in moderation is not generally injurious; but what is one man's meat may be poison to another. Try quitting entirely for a month, and then use great caution. The circulation is irregular. Try cold water squeezed from a large sponge on the head several times a day, and promote the free passage of blood through the vessels of the extremities, especially the feet, by getting rid of pressure, which impedes the flow. Cold water poured on the feet several times a day will produce a reaction and glow of heat, drawing the blood from the head.

S. Y., (Tioga, N. Y.)—There are undoubtedly facial peculiarities of character, but it would be difficult to determine whether the proofs of treachery given by the swarthy or the fair are the more numerous and convincing. Speaking generally, the darker skins and hair approaching black are found in the warmer climates, while the lighter surface-colors occur in the colder; and the temperament of an inhabitant of a heated atmosphere is supposed to be more sluggish than that of the denizen of a clime where greater warmth must needs be obtained by greater energy. It may therefore be true that the lighter races are more impulsive and demonstrative, and perhaps scheming, but the darker are stirred by deep feelings, and their inertia may make them seem treacherous.

WILLOW, (Phila., Pa.)—It is difficult to say whether or not an enlarged or dilated pupil indicates insanity. The average size of the pupil differs greatly; in some races it is small, in others large. The difference among individuals also is wide. The variations which are, or should be, seen in the same person under diverse conditions depend upon the amount of light, and, in a great measure, the health and state of feeling. Neither large nor small pupils can be taken as indicating the mental state except with reference to the general circumstances. If the pupils did not contract under light, or if they remained too small when they should expand, or if the two did not act well together, there might be indications of disease affecting the mind.